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The Nation.

December 4, 1982 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

THE FUTILE MX DISGUISE

Ronald Reagan's attempt to sell the MX missile as the "Peacekeeper" and at the same time paint himself as a peacekeeper was a patent failure. The disguise was too transparent.

As always, he had charts—these designed to show how far the Red Russians have leaped ahead of the Blue Americans. He compared missiles and bombers (of which, combined, the Soviet Union has more), but not warheads (of which the United States has more). He did show warheads in the one category where the Russians have an edge—intermediate-range missiles targeted for or based in Europe. But he neglected to show the other weapons arrayed against the Russians—the British and French missiles, the thousands of U.S. shorter-range missiles and missile-equipped aircraft, the Chinese weapons.

As to his plan to build 100 MX missiles in the "dense-pack" basing scheme, it simply won't work militarily. The Russians could respond by, among other things, building larger warheads or warheads that could burrow into the ground undetonated and then explode simultaneously.

It won't work politically, either. A panel of experts has told Caspar Weinberger that to be fully secure the dense-pack installation will eventually need to be guarded by its own ABM system. But that would require abrogation of the present ABM treaty, and almost nobody in Congress would tolerate that.

Ultimately, Reagan said, we need the MX as a "bargaining chip" in the START talks, as a weapon to force the Russians to disarm. Congress has always succumbed to this ploy in the past, but January brings a new—and possibly more skeptical—Congress. If Reagan's propaganda is no more sophisticated than last week's performance, the MX will end—as it should—with a whimper.

LETTERS: DONNER AND THE FREEZE SMEARS

THE LATEST KOSINSKI CONNECTION
Wieslaw Gornicki

ISRAEL'S ARMS TRADE DILEMMA
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TWENTY YEARS OF THE CUBAN EMBARGO
Maisie McAdoo

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Edward W. Said

THE SALVADOR MURDER CASE

THE STRANGE ORDEAL OF HANS CHRIST

KAREN PAYNE

Hans Christ was sound asleep in a Miami condominium when the phone rang at 2 A.M. "We need to talk to you," said the security guard. Moments later, there was a knock at Christ's door. His wife opened it. Several men rushed in with their guns drawn. "Jesus Christ! What's going on here?" Christ asked.

"We're the F.B.I. and we're arresting you," said an agent. Christ wasn't told why. The agents took him to jail. The date was April 15, 1981.

For Christ, a 31-year-old Salvadoran businessman, that Kafkaesque arrest began a long ordeal—one that is not over yet. He was originally held for extradition to his native country to face charges in connection with the murders of two American advisers and a Salvadoran land reform official in San Salvador in January 1981, crimes he says he had nothing to do with. After five months in a Federal prison in Miami and nine months out on bail, Christ was cleared by a court in El Salvador and the extradition case against him was dropped. Now, though no new charges have been lodged against him, the American Institute for Free Labor Development (A.I.F.L.D.), which employed the two Americans, has put forth new allegations that the two gunmen who have confessed to the murders have linked Christ to the crime.

These murders have taken on special political significance in both the United States and El Salvador. The issue is a stumbling block for the Reagan Administration, which must certify to Congress every six months that El Salvador is making progress in human rights—including progress in solving the murders—in order to

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LETTERS.

CULTIVATING THE ANTIHUMANISTS

New Haven

Frank Donner's excellent "Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement [*The Nation*, Nov. 6] gives me a chance to identify a need too little recognized. In opening his article Donner writes: "The instincts and convictions of the freeze supporters are rooted solidly in the American tradition of liberal humanism, a social vision reflecting a concern for the lives and fates of others." The opposition is then presented as a constituency "for whom nuclear confrontation is worth risking to achieve the conquest of the Soviet Union and world domination." This is fine as journalism of the moment, but it overlooks the fact that thirty-five years of the arms race have had quite other sources than the ideology and paranoia of the radical right.

By using the phrase "liberal humanism" Donner is insensitive to the fact that many of the groups and individuals he has mentioned as supporting the freeze would, in other contexts, consider themselves to be anything but liberal or humanist. Thank God! That will be the great day, when illiberal antihumanists recognize that we must back out of the long tunnel of the arms race, which has no light at the end save the lurid flash. We need their support, and should learn to cultivate it.

David Hawkins

'LEFT-WING McCARTHYISM'

Washington, D.C.

Frank Donner writes that the Heritage Foundation called on NATO to mount a smear campaign against the European peace movement. Maybe so; the Heritage Foundation is a pretty scummy outfit. But then Donner adds: "That this suggestion reached the right places is indicated by the fact that this fall NATO actually flew American opinion makers on free junkets to Europe to be briefed on such subjects as the hidden backers of the European disarmament movement. Among those accepting the free trips were editors from *Foreign Policy, Foreign Affairs, Harper's, The New Republic, Washington Quarterly* and *International Security.*"

Oh, come on. I was the *New Republic* editor on that trip, and none of the people who "briefed" us—mostly West German politicians, ranging from Hans Apel, then Defense Minister, to Petra Kelly and other leaders of the Greens—said a single word about "the hidden backers," etc. I happen to support the nuclear freeze. I hate to see it used as a pretext for left-wing McCarthyism.

By the way, *Harper's* was not represented on the NATO trip. As a matter of policy, *Harper's* does not accept free junkets.

Hendrik Hertzberg
Editor, The New Republic

OBLIQUE ANGLETON

New York City

Frank Donner's characterization of me as a "flack" for James J. Angleton's view that Lee Harvey Oswald was a K.G.B. agent is demonstrably false. As far as I know, Angleton has never expressed such a view, and he certainly isn't quoted in my book *Legend* as describing Oswald as a K.G.B. agent. Angleton was chief of counterintelligence at the C.I.A. at the time of the J.F.K. assassination, and if he had suggested Oswald worked for the K.G.B., I—or anyone else—would have gladly reported it. Unfortunately, he only expressed the vaguest suspicions about Oswald's *bona fides.*

Edward Jay Epstein

SMEAR, SCHMEAR

New York City

Frank Donner's attempt to defend the freeze movement starts off well enough. We have a lengthy demonstration of "innocence by association"—all those bishops, churches, labor unions and prominent people who have endorsed the freeze. (Who would ever have thought to find *The Nation* use generals, nay, more mind-blowing, a former head of Central Intelligence as its authorities!)

But Donner then seems uncertain what line to take. The attacks on the peace movement often focus on the World Peace Council. Should he deny the W.P.C. is a Soviet operation and claim therefore there is nothing wrong with any connection the U.S. peace movement may have with it? Or should he deny the peace movement has any connection with the W.P.C. and leave the group to shift for itself?

Donner tries to do a bit of both. He does not specifically *deny* that the W.P.C. is a Soviet front, for that could get him into trouble. Even someone as long involved in peace movements as Homer Jack wrote to *The New York Times* on January 30 that "the World Peace Council has for more than 30 years faithfully transmitted Soviet foreign policy"; he also pointed out that when in the past year the W.P.C. requested status as a nongovernmental organization with the U.N. Economic and Social Council, "the latter's committee discovered such close programmatic and financial ties between the World Peace Council and Moscow that the W.P.C. itself, in embarrassment, withdrew its request."

So Donner opts for trying to persuade the reader to decide on his own that the W.P.C. is a legitimate affair. He writes with what is presumably intended as sarcasm: "The fact that the W.P.C. is recognized by the United Nations as a nongovernmental organization and has been invited to participate in official discussions on disarmament and colonialism doesn't seem to diminish its sinister character."

At the same time, Donner denies that peace movement leaders are involved in the W.P.C. Thus he claims that Terry Provance is not an official member of the W.P.C. at all but, as we "could have readily discovered," was listed as a member for the 1977-80 term by mistake, and that the error was remedied after he wrote two letters of protest. The charge, Donner suggests, "probably originated with the artful John Rees." Actually the charge originated in the literature of the W.P.C., which lists Provance as a member not only for the 1977-80 term but cites him in its current literature as having been re-elected for a second three-year term in 1980 at the W.P.C. meeting in Sofia, Bulgaria. Nor is Provance the only leader of the peace movement to be listed as a W.P.C. member. The 1980 list of members includes Barbara Armentrout, editor of the journal of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Joseph Miller, national treasurer of SANE; and Edith Villastrigo, legislative representative of Women Strike for Peace. When leaders of the American peace movement are affiliated with the major international Soviet front organization, questions are raised in the minds of all but the editors and writers of *The Nation.* Incidentally, Provance, Donner to the contrary, is also specifically listed under the title of "Sponsors" of the U.S. Peace Council by that organization, which is the U.S. affiliate of the W.P.C. and is led, appropriately, by the U.S. Communist Party's Michael Myerson.

While being called a "smear queen" by Frank Donner must rank as a compliment, I cannot return it by crowning him "smear king." He speaks of the launching of my career with the publication of "wild accusations" against the organization Breira, which, according to Donner, I charged with being "dominated by P.L.O. agents." This is so sappy that I must call Donner a smear underling, a smear hick, a mere rube, a veritable slubberdegullion.

A final note simply to establish pride of place. The article I wrote with Erich Isaac could scarcely have "echoed the Rabinowitz line" as Donner asserts, since it was in the hands of subscribers to *The American Spectator* three weeks before Dorothy's fine essay was printed in *The Wall Street Journal.*

Rael Jean Isaac

DONNER REPLIES

South Norwalk, Conn.

I wrote that the freeze movement is "rooted" in the liberal humanist tradition, not that it is confined to it. Of course, the conflict over armaments and a bellicose foreign policy has a long history, but surely

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EDITORIALS.

Weapons for Peace

"Our children should not grow up frightened. That is why we have decided on the all-out production of sharpened sticks as essential for maintaining our deterrent capability. Once in place, we are certain they will protect our tribe and prevent further arms escalation."

"Seeking the road to peace we have reluctantly decided to go all out on the production of dense-pack slingshots. We know that, once in place, they will be a deterrent to any further escalation of weaponry."

"As your leader, always concerned with maintaining the balance of power, I have decided that full deployment of the longbow is an immediate necessity. I am sure that, once in place, our longbow capability will deter any aggressor and insure permanent peace."

"The enemy military buildup cannot be ignored. That is why we plan to produce gunpowder, now named 'Peace-powder,' and deploy it in our defensive cannons. Once in place, it will demonstrate our willingness to rebuild our strength, thus preventing the other side from ever starting a conflict."

"It is sadly ironic that in these modern times it still takes weapons to prevent war. That is why we have decided to proceed with the development of the so-called machine gun, which, once in place, with closely spaced basing, will be our guarantee that this country never need fear war again."

"A secure force keeps others from threatening us and that keeps the peace. We are confident that the development of our sea-based submarine force, once in place, will make the Kaiser think twice about the consequences of his actions and will prevent any possibility of extended war."

"Unless we demonstrate the will to rebuild our strength and restore the military balance, the Russians, since they're

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so far ahead, have little incentive to negotiate with us. It's absolutely essential that we proceed to produce this missile, and that we base it in a series of closely based silos at Warren Air Force Base near Cheyenne, Wyoming."

Out of Africa

American myopia toward Africa is, of course, nothing new, but it is still surprising that it should afflict those presumed to be at the top of the American opinion-making edifice.

In a recent issue of *Fortune*, Hedley Donovan, formerly the editor in chief of the whole Time Inc. empire and now a trustee of the Ford Foundation, reports on his trip to Africa with his fellow trustees. "The news from sub-Saharan Africa," he says somberly, "is mainly bad." Why so? "Out of 49 'republics,' only Botswana could be considered a parliamentary democracy."

At first one wonders whether Donovan thinks that only forms of representative government fitting the Westminster model are democratic, for among other countries this overlooks Nigeria, with a quarter of Africa's sub-Saharan population, governed since 1979 under a Constitution very much like that of the United States. But in his next sentence it becomes apparent that he knows nothing of Nigeria's recent political history at all.

Donovan tells us that "the junta in Nigeria has promised free elections for 1983," conjuring up images of bemedaled generals and ruthless despots. Reading that, most Americans wouldn't imagine that he was referring to a leadership system not unlike the Reagan-Bush-Baker-O'Neill one. He goes on to say that "students of Nigeria advise against holding one's breath" for these elections. We can only wonder whether those are the same students who told him about "the junta." We wonder too what they have to say about the process of primaries and state conventions that Nigeria's six political parties are using to choose candidates for the presidency, nineteen governorships and legislative seats in next summer's elections. Elections *scheduled*, not promised.

Out of Africa there is always something new. Except the dreary, old, mistaken stories of journalists who should know better.

Beyond the Law

On the Tuesday after Election Day, at 1 P.M., in Superior Court in New London, Connecticut, three women and six men were sentenced to prison terms of up to one year for having damaged some $12,000 worth of property. They had been convicted of conspiracy to commit criminal mischief, criminal mischief and third-degree criminal trespass.

The nine freely admitted the crimes in court. The damaged property consisted of two missile hatch covers on the Trident submarine Florida and two sonar spheres belonging to the Navy but temporarily in the possession of the Electric Boat Company, a division of General Dynamics.

During the trial in September, the defendants sought to introduce testimony to show that they violated the law in order to prevent a crime. The crime they sought to prevent, the defendants claimed, is a violation of international law.

Several attempts have been made to use international law as a defense in similar local criminal cases, without success—in Pennsylvania, at the trial of activists who damaged two missile nose cones at a General Electric plant, and in a number of cases arising out of the destruction of draft records a decade or so ago. Rulings by Judge Matthew Byrne in *U.S. v. Russo* indicated that this defense would not be permitted in the Pentagon Papers case.

In New London, Judge Seymour J. Hendel would not admit testimony on international law. Out of the hearing of the jury, he did listen to arguments from an international law expert, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, to the effect that the use of nuclear weapons is illegal and that individual citizens have a duty to obey international law. But he would not let the jury hear this testimony because, as Clark admitted, no U.S. court had ruled that possession of nuclear weapons was illegal. The admissibility of international law thus depended on the existence of a specific case addressed to a single question.

In addition to citing various conventions protecting pregnant women and children in wartime and outlawing poisons and weapons that cause unnecessary suffering, Clark referred to the Nuremberg trials. The Nuremberg cases assert that "international law binds every citizen just as does ordinary municipal law" (*U.S. v. Friedrich Flick et al.*) and that Germans should not have been "convicted for acts or conducts which, if committed by Americans, British, French or Russians, would not subject them to legal trial and conviction" (*U.S. v. Ernst von Weizsaecker et al.*).

Under the Nuremberg Charter, which is part of international law, the use of nuclear weapons as indiscriminate agents of mass destruction—or manufacturing or even planning to use them—would presumably be a war crime. Theoretically, all that is necessary for purposes of a criminal defense is that the defendants have a reasonable belief that they were preventing a crime—in this case, the use of Trident nuclear weapons to launch a "protracted nuclear war."

To establish the reasonableness of that belief, the defendants were prepared to introduce experts on the Trident system and U.S. "counterforce" strategies. This too was barred. The jurors were left to consider the defendants' beliefs in a legal vacuum. They were not instructed by the judge that such beliefs could be germane to the defense and told to consider only the issue of property damage.

The jury was tearful as it returned guilty verdicts; "we had no choice," said jury foreman Joseph Carano. The judge pronounced himself in sympathy with the defendants, but went ahead and imposed the sentences.

Thus do our courts uphold the legality of the end of the world.

JAMES MUNVES

James Munves is a freelance writer and a contributor to The New Yorker.

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The Litvak Papers

Edward Klein, editor of the powerful *New York Times* magazine, which has been called by designer Oscar de la Renta "the most important cultural force for brassieres in America," is a man laid low by rumors. When he wakes up in the morning, he coughs and clears his throat several times. Then he goes to his shaving mirror to make certain that his reflection is still there.

For three and a half years, Edward Klein has been the object of intensive ideological attacks originating in Lithuania, a Communist bloc entity, and New York City. The stories in his magazine have been called "capitalistic," "fascistic," "C.I.A. fabrications" and "trendy."

Recently, *The Nation* and *The Village Voice*, two publications that identify themselves as "exuberantly progressive" and "progressively exuberant," respectively, have accused Mr. Klein of publishing phony stories and stories about phonies, respectively. They have also implied that he does not edit his magazine but hires editors to do so.

In 1979, the first attack on Mr. Klein from behind the Iron Curtain appeared in the Lithuanian literary journal *Mrzdlvic*, a publication of the Lithuanian Cultural Ministry that generally follows the government's line. The article—"Edward Klein: Does He Really Exist?"—charged that the *Times* magazine is actually edited by a committee composed of Norman Podhoretz, Adm. Stansfield Turner and Clifford Irving.

During the ensuing years, several articles attacking Mr. Klein appeared in *Mrzdlvic*, all of them signed "V.I. Lenin," the pseudonym of a Polish journalist and disinformation specialist who became a naturalized Lett in 1978. The author's real name is Stanislaw Przblski, and he was well known among Western journalists when he served as U.N. correspondent for *Zbig*, a leading Warsaw daily that echoes the official government line.

According to William Safire, an expert on Communist disinformation tactics, the attacks on Mr. Klein are part of an orchestrated campaign designed to discredit novelist Jerzy Kosinski, author of *The Painted Bird*, an anti-Communist novel. He charges that after a cover article on Mr. Kosinski appeared in the *Times* magazine in February, Mr. Przblski was assigned the task of discrediting Mr. Klein. In a recent article Mr. Przblski claimed that the cover articles in the Sunday magazine are written by Mr. Kosinski and freelance writer Barbara Gelb, co-author with her husband, Arthur, of a biography of Eugene O'Neill.

As a result of these rumors, Mr. Klein has become a shadowy figure. Recently, the French political journal *Le Canard Enchaîné* asked rhetorically: "Why the hangdog look, Monsieur Klein? Why do you change your sleeping place every night? Why do you change your socks every morning? Why do you have an assistant editor start your car every day? Who do you think you are—Carmine Bonfiglio of New York's leading crime family?"

In January 1981, Calvin Trillin, a political columnist for *The Nation*, attacked an article the *Times* magazine published about a dinner party at the home of Oscar de la Renta, a fashion designer who with his wife runs "one of the most geopolitical salons in New York," according to Henry Kissinger. Mr. Trillin reported that the de la Rentas had entertained a known war criminal, that Mr. de la Renta boasted of making *shmattas* and that Barbara Walters was present. Later, it was revealed that Mr. Trillin had concealed himself behind the pillows on the living room couch.

Later in 1981 Mr. Klein commissioned and published an article on Cambodian guerrillas, which portrayed them as dedicated anti-Communist fighters. About a month after the article appeared, it emerged that the story had been concocted by its author, a clear attempt to embarrass Mr. Klein.

Then the Sunday magazine ran the cover story on Mr. Kosinski. According to William Safire, an expert on anti-Communist disinformation tactics, the piece made no attempt to conceal Kosinski's outspoken anti-Communism and his fierce opposition to the Jaruzelski regime.

Not long before the article appeared, *The Nation* sponsored the American Writers Congress, the name of which was taken from similar meetings held during the 1930s and dominated by the Communist Party. According to *The New Republic*, a responsible neoconservative journal, all of the participants hated America. Prominent in the demonology of the Congress were Norman Podhoretz, Adm. Stansfield Turner, Clifford Irving and magazine editors who force writers to rewrite their pieces five times—a coded allusion to Mr. Klein.

After the Kosinski profile appeared, *The Village Voice* published a long article intimating that Mr. Kosinski did not write his books. Mr. Kosinski is a past president of the American PEN Center and he has been active in projects aimed at freeing imprisoned writers in Iron Curtain countries, including Lithuania. According to an article that appeared in the November 7 Arts and Leisure section of *The Times*, the government-controlled Polish press has planted a rumor that Mr. Kosinski's books start out as longhand notes written in Polish and are then passed around among thirty-five of his closest friends, who each write a chapter.

But the article did not dispel the rumors that Edward Klein does not edit his magazine. Mr. Klein defends the practice of hiring editors to edit the *Times* magazine by saying that it was already firmly established by the time he took over. Although he fired several editors and encouraged others to leave, new editors kept replacing them. He also defends the use of hired editors by saying that his command of English is not the best. According to William Safire, an expert on language at a large building just off Times Square, the magazine's articles are written in correct English.

Mr. Klein is at a loss as to how to stop these venomous attacks. Meanwhile, the Lithuanian press quotes *The Nation* and *The Village Voice* and the rumors proliferate—concerted, vicious, sadistic, a "tissue of Soviet disinformation," according to Mr. Kosinski. WIESLAW GORNICKI

Wieslaw Gornicki, a Polish disinformation specialist, is a contributing editor of The Nation *and* The Village Voice.

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DISPATCHES.

NIGERIA: Behind the Riots

Riots in northern Nigeria this autumn have troubled President Shehu Shagari's centrist government, already afflicted with declining oil revenues and double-digit unemployment.

The death toll from the late October riots in the northern city of Maiduguri has risen to 452, including at least fifteen policemen. Units of the Nigerian Army had to be put on standby while paramilitary police sealed off the city and gradually restored order. The killings reportedly began when police attacked members of a fundamentalist Moslem sect, the Maitatsine, who were holding some civilians hostage and, according to Nigerian State Radio, had killed several of them.

The Maitatsine are followers of Mohammadu Marwa, known as Maitatsine. This self-proclaimed prophet was one of 4,000 people killed in the city of Kano during a mini-insurrection in December 1980. Before his death, Maitatsine had appealed to his peasant followers with a revolutionary brand of heretical Islam. This led to speculation that he had been aided by Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi or Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini. But a government investigation into the 1980 riots turned up no evidence of foreign involvement.

It is interesting, however, that a month before the most recent riots, Iran's ambassador to Nigeria, a turbaned *mullah*, received widespread publicity in the West African press for his fundamentalist speeches at a five-day religious conference in Sierra Leone.

Khomeini would no doubt disapprove of the doctrines of a man like Maitatsine, who rejected the prophet Mohammed, but both are symbolic of the revivalistic atmosphere polluting Nigeria's already violence-prone political landscape.

Here is the view of a confidential "political risk forecast" published by Frost & Sullivan last June and sent to us in the proverbial plain brown envelope:

"The most serious threat to Shagari and international business in the short run remains the continuation of sporadic violence and disruptive partisan politics at both the national and state levels. Along with widespread corruption throughout the country, these conditions might lead the military to intervene. . . . However, consensus within the military for a coup is lacking and the prospects of a junior officer coup are light because it is apparent that such a coup would lead to warfare among segments of the military."

A bleak picture. In the past, President Shagari has bought himself a measure of stability with oil-funded pork-barrel projects. But his special economic adviser, Emman C. Edozien, recently announced in London that the country had a "cash flow problem" that would force it to seek loans on the commercial market for an estimated $3 billion to $5 billion. Going into an election year, that cash flow problem could be Shagari's undoing.

To shore up his defenses, the President has invited Col. Odumegwu Ojukwu, until recently imprisoned for his efforts to lead Biafra out of the Nigerian union, to join his government. Ojukwu has accepted, which should help win Shagari votes in the southern states. But it certainly won't help him in the impoverished north—and that's where bloody civil disorders may still prod the military into a coup.

INDIA: New Sanjay Scandal

Sanjay Gandhi has been dead for a year, but his mother, Indira, still can't escape the odor of corruption associated with his numerous business dealings.

The latest scandal, in which the government lost some $40 million in an oil deal, was exposed by Arun Shourie, executive editor of the *Indian Express*. Implicated in the scheme are ranking members of the Delhi power structure, including the Prime Minister's special assistant, a petroleum minister, an influential member of Parliament and the legendary K. K. Birla, an industrialist and financier worthy of comparison to J. P. Morgan.

The plot had its origins at the Doon School, a "brown sahib" boarding school on the level of Eton or Exeter, in the Himalayan foothills in the village of Dehradun. It was there that Indira Gandhi's father, Pandit Nehru, sent Sanjay in the 1960s. When Sanjay became a powerful figure in the mid-1970s, a group of Doon School alumni followed him to Delhi, including Kamal Nath, who was eventually elected to Parliament.

In February 1980 another Doon classmate, Harish Jain, part-owner of a brokerage called Hindustan Monark, approached Nath, presumably to ask for help in arranging a contract for his company with Indian Oil, a government corporation. Indian Oil was planning to purchase about $175 million worth of kerosene and diesel fuel, and at issue was whether it would let out the contract at a fixed price or at a variable rate pegged to the prevailing prices on the world market at the time of purchase. Since oil prices were declining in response to a world oil glut, Indian Oil logically should have chosen a variable-rate contract.

That was not to be. After the visit from Harish Jain, Nath called Sanjay, who promptly called petroleum minister P. C. Sethi. Sanjay asked the minister to waive the normal tender rules and opt for a fixed price contract for Hindustan Monark. Sethi then called Indian Oil with what its chairman later told Parliament was "a directive asking us to accept the offer" for a fixed price. Indian Oil objected.

At this point something quite remarkable occurred. Nath managed to plant virtually identical articles attacking Indian Oil's resistance to the fixed price in the *Indian Express*, the *Financial Express*, *The Economic Times* and the *Hindustan Times*, all leading papers. We know that on February 19, 1980, industrialist Birla, who also owns the *Hindustan Times*, summoned one of his reporters and instructed him to print Nath's story that night. The articles were used by the petroleum ministry to justify its awarding the contract to the old Doon schoolboy, Harish Jain.

The government thus lost an estimated $40 million, the difference between the fixed price tendered to Jain in February 1980 and the actual price of oil when it was bought on the market some months later. Who received the benefits

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

of this windfall besides Jain is not known. But after Sanjay's death in a plane crash in 1981, rumors of a scandal about the contract prompted an investigation. The petroleum ministry's file on the case was sent to the Prime Minister's residence for inspection, but there it was somehow "lost" by Indira Gandhi's special assistant, R. K. Dhawan. The file was recently "found," and in the wake of press reports on the scandal the government has admitted that there was an "error in judgement." But no criminal charges have been lodged.

That shouldn't be a surprise. Schoolboys, after all, will be schoolboys. But what about K. K. Birla? What was his interest? And the Prime Minister? Was she or her trusted aide of two decades covering for Sanjay? Indira is mum.

And what does it say about India's condition that Arun Shourie has just been fired by the *Indian Express*?

■ VIETNAM: New Approaches

Journeys hither and thither are quickly gaining Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach a reputation as Asia's peripatetic diplomat. Several months ago he called on his counterparts in Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand. Late October found him in Jakarta, and his schedule includes a visit to the Philippines in the near future.

The object of Thach's travels is to marshal support for what some diplomats are calling Vietnam's "peace offensive." News of it in the United States was buried during a summer dominated by the Middle East. But in early June, following a meeting in Ho Chi Minh City of the Vietnamese, Laotian and Cambodian foreign ministers, the Vietnam government released a communiqué hinting at a new suppleness in its policy toward neighboring Cambodia.

Ever since it invaded and occupied Cambodia in December 1978, Vietnam had resolutely insisted it would sit down at a peace conference only with the members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN). The communiqué, however, revealed a willingness to participate in a Geneva-style conference that would include representatives of outside powers.

The reception accorded the Thach proposals ranged from frosty (Singapore) to stony (Malaysia) to cordial (Indonesia). Singapore, which takes the most hard-line position within ASEAN, found nothing new in them: "There has been absolutely no sign of flexibility on the part of the Vietnamese," said Foreign Minister S. Dhanabalan. The proposals fared just as poorly in Malaysia, which along with Singapore has emerged as a strong supporter of the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, the new antioccupation coalition headed by Prince Norodom Sihanouk.

Only the Indonesians seemed to find some substance in Vietnam's approach, and even then for reasons of their own. Indonesia sees Vietnam as a buffer against China and currently exchanges military and intelligence information with Vietnam. Having engaged in an invasion of its own in East Timor, Indonesia would probably permit Vietnam a zone of influence in Cambodia and even recognize a Vietnamese-installed regime, provided Vietnamese troops were withdrawn.

■ URUGUAY: The Military's Mood

On October 27 a 72-year-old trade unionist named Ramon Freire Pizano died in Montevideo's Libertad prison. The next day his body was handed over to relatives along with a familiar instruction: do not open the coffin. In Uruguay this means the deceased has been abused, if not tortured to death.

The military regime that has ruled the country since 1973 arrested Pizano, head of the woolworkers' union, and nine other trade unionists one year ago. They were summarily found guilty of giving "assistance to subversive associations" and sentenced to eight years in prison, the maximum term.

Pizano's murder was hardly unprecedented, but it was isolated. While Uruguay is generally recognized as one of the most repressive countries on the continent, the last time a political prisoner died under duress was two years ago. Yet if it doesn't augur a return to the darkest days of the military takeover, Pizano's death nonetheless serves as a barometer of the military's mood and is an indication of its uneasiness about the course its plan for a "guided" return to civilian rule is taking.

The Uruguayan version of Brazil's *abertura* had its beginning two years ago with a national plebiscite on whether the military should remain in power. The vote was a resounding 59 percent against.

That vote unleashed a political dynamic the military couldn't ignore, yet one the opposition parties were ill prepared to use to their advantage. The military was still able to dictate the next step, a primary-style election this year that it hoped could not be interpreted as another repudiation of military rule.

The strategy was to disenfranchise an entire segment of the electorate by barring outright the parties on the left: the Christian Democrats, Socialists and Communists. Only the two major parties, the Blancos and Colorados, and one all-but-dormant party, the Union Civica, are being allowed to draw up lists of candidates. Even then, the senior leaders in each party are proscribed from running, and forbidden campaign topics include Uruguay's worsening economic situation, social problems and the lifting of political restrictions. "We are free only to talk about how red roses are," says Juan Ferreria, a prominent politician in exile.

But the plan has been confounded by remarkable unity among the leaders of all political parties. Rather than splintering over how to respond to a slanted election, they have agreed to work together. Leftists whose parties are not represented will cast blank ballots, while Colorados and Blancos will vote for their antimilitary slates. For several months, the parties have sent delegations to one another's overflowing rallies to demonstrate that these three blocs represent a great majority opposed to continued military rule. As a popular expression in Uruguay puts it, "Extend the border of democracy south of Bolivia!"

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ARTICLES.

ARMS TRADE OR CUTTING TOOLS

The Dilemma of Israel's Future

AMOS KENAN

Two soft-spoken men, both of the same generation, both a mixture of the kind of visionary and shrewd pragmatist that appears only in revolutionary times, both political doves, incarnate the dilemma of Israel's future.

Gen. Israel Tal, 56, is the inventor and promoter of the Merkava tank, the victorious instrument of the war in Lebanon—a war that ironically stands against every military and political conviction of the man who created that deadly machine.

Stef Wertheimer, 56, is an industrialist who has built a $70 million empire producing hardware for peaceful purposes and carries the flag of a new Zionism under which a truly independent Israel will be a member of a prosperous and pluralistic Middle Eastern community.

The kind of manufactures a nation produces has a political significance, and the choice of which industries it fosters is a political one.

In Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, a Soviet admiral is sentenced to death because he advocates big submarines rather than small ones to defend the proletarian revolution. Big submarines, however, mean world revolution, which is a Trotskyite concept. Small submarines mean socialism in one homeland, which is a Stalinist concept. The admiral has made an important political decision without realizing it, and is treated accordingly.

The choice for Israel is whether its future will be built on the instruments of war or the hardware of peace. It is a painful, dramatic choice between Israel's immediate and genuine need for security and its ultimate and no less genuine need for peace. Only one choice is the right one and Israel had better not make a mistake, because there will not be a second choice.

The facts, although usually not advertised, are there [see box, page 586]. Israel has become a factor in the worldwide manufacture and trade of arms. As Israeli weapons have become more and more powerful and sophisticated messengers of death, they have been employed in more and more places where death is planned. At the same time, the making and exporting of weapons has become a significant part of the Israeli economy, increasing alarmingly in recent years. Moral and political questions about who is on the receiving end of these armaments tend not to get asked.

Amos Kenan is an Israeli novelist and a columnist for Yediot Aharonot, *a Tel Aviv daily.*

There are consequences. Israeli agriculture and irrigation experts can hardly operate in those parts of the world where a different messenger of Zionism takes a different kind of care of people. Israeli scientific and technological development for peaceful purposes is losing ground to a Martian runner in the race for Israel's survival. The Israeli "security" industry, as it is called, has become a cancer, threatening the longevity and maybe the very life of the Zionist state.

Of course every community has the existential right to defend itself when attacked, and Israel can't be the exception. And when it was denied weapons to defend itself in the past, while Western nations were arming Israel's enemy, it had not only a right but a duty to develop its own military industry. That industry was a particularly costly one and its costs had to be balanced by sales; sales would not have been sufficient without foreign markets. The question then remains: who are your clients?

Israel's customers are to be found more and more on the end of the political spectrum occupied by fascist regimes and military dictatorships, social and national oppressors, racists and all sorts of enemies of humanity. The list is long and not pleasant: the French O.A.S. in Algeria, South Africa, Batista, Mobutu, Bokassa, Idi Amin, even Chile and Argentina, where progressive Jews are sometimes killed with the kindly help of an Uzi submachine gun. If you deal with enemies of humanity, you become one. Then, whoever doesn't need your guns will not buy your flowers, either.

It wasn't always so. Israel has come to this pass by a long, vicious and painful process by which all the short-sighted decisions, all the mistakes, accumulated until they achieved critical mass. It was conceived by the Labor Party and implemented by Labor governments for thirty years—Begin's regime is only following a well-worn path. Even today the socialist sector of the Israeli economy plays the leading role in the military industry. And those prominent socialist members of the Knesset who are now leading anti-Begin demonstrations include the ex-generals who were the military decision-makers and the industrialists who were—and in some cases still are—the military manufacturers.

All of this represents a sin, and it is a tragedy because the sin is against Israel itself. The first wrong decision was to sell arms. The second was the unscrupulous choice of customers. The third was to make political deals with that kind of customer.

A genuine tragedy bears the mark of the inevitable.

In the past, at its beginning as a nation and a state, Israel was not the attacker but the attacked, fighting for its very life. Surrounded, embargoed, abandoned, it had to create its own kind of self-defense for its own kind of self-determination: primitive Sten submachine guns, faulty ammunition, ridiculous mortars. Even that was not enough. Once in the summer of 1948 Israeli lives were saved through a cargo of Soviet weapons imported from Czechoslovakia.

At this time, Israel Tal was a young captain in the Israeli Army. He was born in Palestine, in a village founded by his

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father and other Russians who fled the czar in 1905. Zionist settlers then were not received with flowers—they quickly had to learn to use not only a spade and a plow but also a rifle. Typical of his generation, Tal too had to divide his adolescence between cultivating the soil and defending it. In World War II he fought in Europe with the British Army, afterward returning to Israel.

By 1967, at the time of the Six Day War, Tal was considered Israel's greatest theoretician of, and expert in, modern tank warfare. That war proved that his strategies were superior to those devised by the Soviet generals, and who knows how many Russian tacticians have since been sent to cut wood in the tundra as a result. But that war also led Tal to develop a strategic concept of Israel's security based on the recognition of—and reconciliation and peace with—a Palestinian state. He believed then, as he believes now, that a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza is not a threat to Israeli security and that real security is achieved not by territorial aggrandizement but by political agreement.

Tal's warnings about and almost precise forecast of the course of the 1973 Yom Kippur war—politely dismissed by Moshe Dayan then and ridiculed thereafter—rankled the army high command; he was tolerated because it was known he had the Merkava tank, which would be the best of all, drawn in detail inside his head. Shortly after the war he was ordered by Dayan to have his troops open fire and destroy the cease-fire agreement then in effect. He refused, and demanded a written order from Prime Minister Golda Meir. He was immediately dismissed from command, but the cease-fire held—and eventually became the peace that led to Sadat's visit to Jerusalem.

After the fall of both Dayan and Meir, Tal was asked back to the army to build his tank—just tank-building, no forecasting—and he did so, hoping to provide his people the means to survive the kind of irresponsible adventures forced on them by political monsters and military lunatics. But Tal is a very lucid, if disillusioned, person; he has a degree in philosophy and he has the intellectual capacity to evaluate his role in Israel's history. He may well decide one day, under the stress of responsibility, to move to a new battlefield.

Stef Wertheimer came to Palestine at the age of 11, a refugee from Germany. As an adolescent he joined the British air force and became skilled as an electronics technician and a pilot. He joined the Palmach, the Jewish underground force, and after independence worked in a factory producing military hardware. In 1952 he set up his own one-man workshop to make machinery for peaceful purposes, and this has grown into an industrial giant known as ISCAR, a manufacturer of cutting tools and hard-metal products which today employs more than 1,000 people.

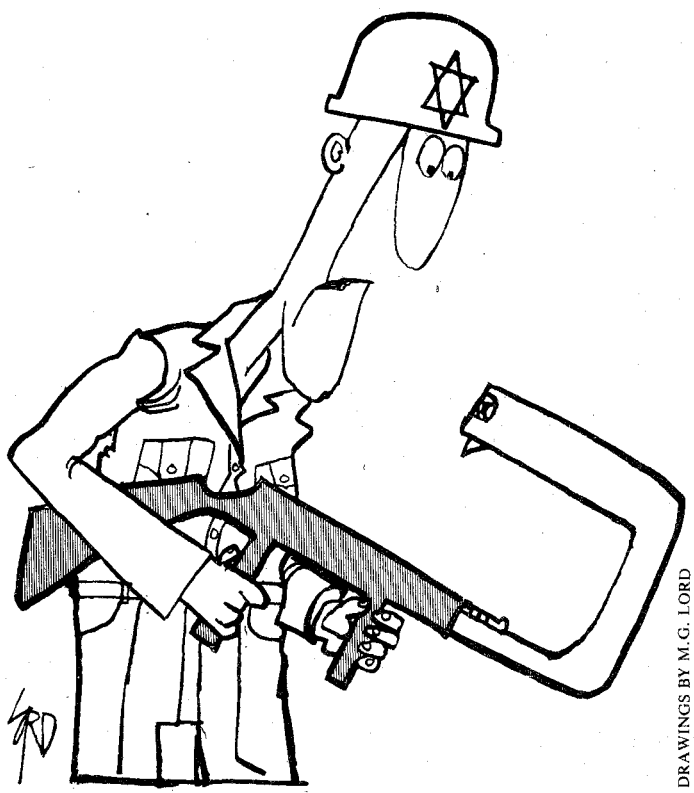
Wertheimer has a dream, which he calls "Zionism Phase 3," of a peaceful, self-sufficient Israel. If "Phase 1" was developing the land and agricultural settlements so Israel could grow its own food, and "Phase 2" was developing security so it could protect its people and settlements, then "Phase 3" is developing an industrial base so it can provide its own manufactures and become economically independent. An independent, creative and proud nation, he would say, is one which relies on itself and has no need of foreign help, not even from its friends and brothers and sisters overseas. If you can establish just 1,000 small industrial plants, each producing and exporting, say, $5 million worth a year at the rate of $50,000 per worker, you would have an Israel generating its own $5 billion a year instead of needing to take that from the United States.

Wertheimer is putting his "small is beautiful" ideas into action. Each year he helps to set up as many new technological enterprises as he can, sometimes with no more than five workers but always with the most sophisticated equipment available. The principle of "small is beautiful" is important, he says, as a way to foster creativity and the spirit of innovation. Don't grow like an octopus; split like an amoeba. He is now busy building an industrial new town in the Galilee, based on the advanced concept of "where you make your living, make your home," trying to combine nature and technology on the same square mile.

No political, military or economic dependence, even upon a friend like the United States, can create the infrastructure of peace. This is why Israel should shift its center of gravity from security to production. The more it tries to build a strong army, the more it has to depend on foreign aid. The stronger it is, the less independent it is. The more it looks like a lion to those inside, the more it looks like a puppet to those outside. The stronger, the weaker; the more secure, the less secure; the more successful at war, the less successful at peace.

This is not just a paradox, an Israeli Catch '82. This is the sad conclusion of a Jewish tragedy named Israel.

Maybe the only way out is the way proposed by Stef Wert-



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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heimer, building an alternative within the existing pattern until in time the alternative overcomes the pattern. The trouble is, people like Stef Wertheimer are not gaining ground but losing it. A little war here or there, or even the threat of war, seems to bring Israel more money than it could ever produce as a nation of small factories. So why bother with work? Shoot—it pays more.

Today, in Israel, war and the war industry walk together; peace walks with peace toys. War makes you strong, then it makes you a monster, then it makes you a pariah.

Israel has to choose, and the choice is not merely a moral one. It is a choice between life and death. □

Until 1973 Israel was not a significant part of the world arms trade, although it had already built up a considerable domestic military industry. Figures are of course classified, but the best indication is that before then the country had no more than $10 million a year in arms sales.

Sometime in the mid-1970s Israel started going into the arms trade in a big way. By 1976 it was exporting $300 million worth (in current U.S. dollars), by 1979 that had doubled to $600 million, and the next year it doubled again to $1.2 billion. It is probably safe to say that during this period Israel's arms exports grew faster than those of any nation in the world.

In terms of the total world arms trade, Israel's exports don't amount to a great deal, but in terms of Third World activity they are significant. From 1970 to 1979 Israel was the largest arms merchant of the Third World, accounting for 26 percent of the sales in Third World countries. Since 1980 its role has diminished somewhat—Brazil has become the leader—but it still supplies roughly a fifth of all armaments to those countries.

In terms of Israel's own economy, the arms trade has played a consequential part. Arms exports through the 1970s grew steadily until they became 5.8 percent of the country's total exports in 1976; they accounted for 5.5 percent in 1979 (the latest figure). This is striking when compared with Brazil, whose arms exports amounted to only 0.8 percent of its total exports in 1976, 0.4 percent in 1979. Similarly, from 1970 to 1979, Israel's military expenditures consistently came to more than 20 percent of its gross national product, while Brazil's military expenditures never reached more than 1.5 percent of its G.N.P.

The leading recipients of Israeli arms have been South Africa (which took as much as 35 percent of Israel's shipments during the 1970s), Argentina, El Salvador, Honduras, Singapore and Taiwan.

Israel's principal military exports include Kfir-C2 fighter-bombers, Shafir and Gabriel missiles and Reshef-class patrol boats, but in the last few years it has increased its sales of small arms, ammunition and electronics equipment.

(*Research by Eric Friedman*)

TWENTY YEARS OF 'EL BLOQUEO'

An Embargo That Serves No Purpose

MAISIE McADOO

Among its other efforts to dismantle the Cuban revolution, the United States has imposed one of the longest, most strictly enforced and extensive trade embargoes on record. That embargo, twenty years old this year, has produced endless bitterness but has failed to accomplish its original purpose: the economic isolation of Cuba.

And now—both in the business community, ever alert to a potential market, and in academic and diplomatic circles once hostile to all things Cuban—the embargo is under increasingly sharp attack. George Pillsbury Sr., a director of the company that bears his family name, told a recent conference that the embargo represents "economic illiteracy on the part of the people in our country who make foreign policy." Independent businessman Noel Blackman says, "I have been to Cuba many times with hundreds of other businessmen and the general consensus is that we want to do business there. We do business with Russia and China and with about everybody else," he argues, "and we can't fathom why we can't do business with Cuba." And Robert Wesson, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote recently: "It is ironic that while refusing to sell dog food to Cuba, the United States sells to the Soviet Union trucks and computers that may easily have military utility."

Certainly the Cubans would welcome an end to what they call *el bloqueo* (the blockade). Their economy would benefit tremendously both by the opening up of markets on the mainland and by having access to U.S. technology and consumer goods. The Castro government is apparently ready to sit down at the bargaining table immediately. Last April a high-level Cuban official told Wayne Smith, then chief of the State Department's Interests Section in Havana, "We understand your security concerns and are willing to discuss them. If you are willing to meet us halfway and to deal with us on the basis of mutual respect, there is no reason we cannot at long last begin to put aside this unproductive animosity between us. We are as weary of it as you are."

Since the trade embargo was imposed in February 1962, nothing at all—not spare parts, machinery, food, medicine, currency or even credit—has been allowed to pass between the United States and Cuba. Before the ban, Cuba did $1.1 billion worth of trade a year with the mainland, constituting 64 percent of its imports and 71 percent of its exports. U.S. export earnings from Cuban trade were $581 million a year. All that has vanished.

Maisie McAdoo is a freelance writer and a sometime typesetter for The Nation. *She visited Cuba in 1979.*

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Other countries have filled the gap left by the United States. Since 1962 the Soviet Union has bought a major part of Cuba's sugar crop each year and provided highly favorable terms for other exports; it has replaced the United States as Cuba's principal trading partner. Over the past decade, Cuba has also developed extensive trade arrangements with Japan, Canada and Western Europe. Practically every country in Latin America now has trading ties with the island. Renewed trade with these countries has earned Cuba several billion dollars in hard currency, not a dime of which it has spent in the U.S. Instead, in 1979 alone, Cuba bought $64 million in transportation equipment from Japan and Spain, $22 million in pesticides from Switzerland and $179 million in grains from Canada.

The mid-1970s were boom years for Cuba, a payoff from previous investments in labor and plants, better management and planning, and record sugar prices on the world market. The country enjoyed an average 6.4 percent increase in annual output and a steady growth rate in per capita income of 14.5 percent. Total consumption rose 41 percent in 1974 and another 52 percent in 1975. According to the C.I.A., while Cuban trade with Communist countries doubled between 1970 and 1974, trade with the West more than tripled. By 1975, 40 percent of Cuba's trade was with the non-Communist world.

Small wonder, then, that during these years American businessmen mounted a serious, if quiet, effort to have the embargo lifed. Even Henry Kissinger, a well-known Castro-baiter, was attentive enough to make a proposal for the re-establishment of relations with Cuba, hoping no doubt to score another China-style coup. But it was not until the Carter Administration that the effort bore fruit. In 1977 Carter signaled his openness to change by lifting the ban on travel to Cuba and agreeing to the establishment of interests sections in both countries.

In the next two years more than 300 American executives toured the island and met with Cuban economic planners. They represented the top echelons of U.S. business: Abbott Laboratories, Bell & Howell, Boeing, Caterpillar Tractor, CBS Records, Coca-Cola, General Mills, General Electric, McDonnell Douglas, RCA, G.D. Searle, banks like American National and Security Pacific, and several financial firms, including Price Waterhouse, Bache Halsey Stuart and Visa U.S.A. Most of the executives came away impressed by the level of development of the Cuban economy and the sophistication of Cuban trade officials.

Part of the attraction of Cuba may have been non-economic. Kirby Jones, a Caribbean trade expert who has organized many business tours of Cuba, tells about the first group he took in 1977: "These were all middle-aged, Minnesota, mostly Republican, better-dead-than-Red businessmen. They were sitting around a table, talking to the economic ministers, when there's a rustle at the door and in walks Castro. He's got his fatigues on, the beard and the cigar, and he is big, you know—6 foot 3. Well, those businessmen get up in unison and applaud. And Castro walks around the room, shaking hands, working the crowd like an American politician. And they're crowding around him, begging for autographs.

"Later," Jones recalls, "I went up to Bob Chinn from Control Data and I said, 'What happened in that room?' And Chinn answered, 'I don't know. It's not that we agree with him or anything, but we've been here three or four days now, and by God, the guy has done something.'

"People call Castro every name in the book," Jones continues, "but underneath—and I think this is what drove Haig crazy, it drove Kissinger crazy—is here is the leader of a tiny little country who has stood up to the United States government."

But even more attractive, obviously, was the realization that a resumption of trade would make bottom-line good sense. Paul White, for example, then a General Electric executive, says he saw U.S.-made turbines "scattered around the countryside—I perceived a real opportunity for G.E. there." And, he adds, "I'll tell you another area that jumped out at me, and that was chemical fertilizers." Another executive recalls, "It burnt me when I got to Cuba and saw French tractors, Japanese computers, Italian cars.

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Meanwhile, here in the United States we have an auto industry that's in big trouble. We could be selling lots of cars to Cuba."

Executives from International Harvester who made the trip were undoubtedly aware of the opportunities: Cuba's five-year plan for 1975-80 called for extensive mechanization of the sugar harvest. And representatives from the AMAX Nickel Company must have been equally interested. AMAX Nickel, whose processing plant is in Louisiana, imports its unrefined ore from Botswana and Australia, halfway around the world; Cuba, with the world's fourth largest nickel reserves, is no more than a day and a half's sail from New Orleans.

Summing up the feelings in the U.S. business community at that time was a 142-page report by Business International, a New York City-based consulting firm for multinational corporations, that concluded: "Don't let anyone tell you there are no opportunities in Cuba. There are—even under the worst of circumstances. . . . Dismantling the embargo will be an enormous and welcome step forward."

It never happened. Early in 1978 Washington charged that some 10,000 Cubans were fighting in Ethiopia against Somali and Eritrean rebels. In May the United States accused Cuban troops of invading Zaire and of training and giving aid to Central American guerrillas. The victory of the Sandinists in Nicaragua in 1979 put further pressure on Carter to toughen his stance, and in the next year the scheme of "freedom flotillas" from Mariel turned into a macabre foreign policy debacle for his Administration. By 1980 the thaw was over; U.S.-Cuba relations began to assume their earlier ugly proportions.

With the election of Ronald Reagan, any hope for renewed friendship with Cuba was completely dashed. One of the Reagan Administration's earliest pet schemes was the creation of Radio Martí, a propaganda outlet modeled on Radio Free Europe and aimed at Cuba. As the revolution in El Salvador grew more heated, Cuba became the favorite target of Administration spokesmen, who kept accusing it of being the funnel for Soviet arms to guerrilla troops. To seal its displeasure, Washington reimposed the ban on travel to Cuba in May (with certain exceptions for scientists, reporters and the like), effectively severing all open contacts between the two countries.

The American companies who once seemed so excited about trading with Cuba bent in the political winds. Pressure on Washington for normalization of trade ended. As Kirby Jones analyzes it, "Businesses, on a corporate basis, do not want to be out in front, particularly on a controversial issue. In other words, they are right there at the door, making sure that when it opens, they're first, but they're not going to open it first."

Nonetheless, the attraction of Cuba has not diminished much, even though its economy is not experiencing the same heady boom as in the 1970s. American corporations have found ways, both legal and illegal, to circumvent the embargo.

Foreign subsidiaries of U.S.-based multinational corporations have been permitted to trade with Cuba since 1974 under a general license from the Treasury Department. Ford, for example, has been allowed to sell cars to Cuba through its subsidiary in Argentina. It is also possible for American companies to deposit trade earnings in U.S. banks for Cubans to use in this country. Columbia Records used this device when it signed up the popular Cuban jazz group Irakere and arranged to deposit the proceeds from record sales into a U.S. account. When cultural groups from Cuba visit the United States, they can use these funds. Back in Cuba, they can transfer funds from their accounts to Irakere's.

Illegal trade is even more extensive. The Commerce Department doesn't estimate the amount of unsanctioned trade with Cuba, but it is apparently considerable. Its Office of Foreign Assets Control publishes a list of firms and individuals that it believes to be front operations for Cuba, buying American products and, in some cases, selling Cuban goods to Americans. As of October, the list included twenty firms in Panama, two in the United States and one each in Spain, Jamaica, Nicaragua, Canada, Kuwait, Ecuador and Czechoslovakia. A State Department spokesman says that some of these businesses don't know that their products are destined for Cuba, but "unfortunately, some U.S. entities knowledgeably collaborated with Cuba in this illegal trade."

In February 1981, the State Department expelled Ricardo Escartin, then first secretary of the Cuban Interests Section in Washington, for allegedly making contact with American businessmen interested in trading illegally with Cuba.

Cuba, for its part, is still very interested in re-establishing trade with the United States on a more formal basis. The effects of the embargo are constantly evident: waits of up to two hours for buses, an acute housing shortage, plant shutdowns, improvised parts. Foreign visitors often leave behind their clothing, hair dryers, calculators and radios for Cuban friends. All Cubans will tell you how much they want the blockade ended.

Cuba is not going to abandon its friendship with the Soviet Union, of course, or its solidarity with liberation movements in Africa and Central America. But it does wish to open negotiations with the United States, even if that is directed to only a partial lifting of the embargo. In a recent interview René Mujica, one of the three first secretaries of the Cuban Interests Section, explained: "The lifting of the embargo is a necessary step. In the bilateral domain there are different issues—compensations, immigration, issues like the Guantánamo base. We are willing to discuss these, even if we are not going to agree on a number of questions. Because we could make a substantial contribution to peace. We think we could eliminate the possibility of a major flare-up in the region."

Obviously the United States has everything to gain by lifting the trade ban and nothing perceptible to lose. The market is there, the currency is there, the desire is there. Ultimately, Washington will gain more influence not only in Cuba but throughout the hemisphere by re-establishing

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trade and diplomatic relations with the island than by perpetuating a retaliatory embargo that long ago lost its punch. □

Hans Christ

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

continue sending more than $345 million a year in U.S. military and economic aid. For the Salvadoran government and military, heavily dependent on U.S. support for their war against a guerrilla insurgency, such an aid cutoff could be disastrous. One indication of the importance of the murders was a speech by U.S. Ambassador Deane Hinton in El Salvador last month in which he warned the Salvadoran government that U.S. aid might end unless it was able to "make substantial progress in bringing the murderers of our citizens, including those who ordered the murders, to justice."

Given such pressure, the danger increases that a scapegoat will be implicated, either to satisfy demands for a quick resolution of the case or to protect those responsible. Whether he is guilty or innocent, Hans Christ and his attorneys claim that he has been singled out for such a role. Their concern is heightened because of the persistent and unresolved questions surrounding the whole issue.

Why did the State Department order Christ's arrest before there was a valid warrant in El Salvador? Why did the F.B.I. administer a meaningless lie detector test to the only witness against Christ? Why are more than half the documents on Christ—in the files of the State and Defense Departments, the F.B.I., the Defense Intelligence Agency and the C.I.A.—classified under "national security" and withheld from release under the Freedom of Information Act? And why, while judicial investigations were still under way, did A.I.F.L.D. officials air their allegations in the press?

José Rodolfo Viera, director of El Salvador's land reform program, was dining on January 3, 1981, in the San Salvador Sheraton Hotel with A.I.F.L.D. officials Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman. At about 11:30 P.M., gunmen burst in and began firing at the three men.

The institute, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliate partly funded by the Agency for International Development and based in Washington, D.C., hired an investigator and offered a $50,000 reward for information about the killings. In October, dissatisfied with the handling of the case in El Salvador, it publicized its version of the murders. A.I.F.L.D. information officer John Heberle said the institute's allegations are based on court testimony and "extrajudicial" statements to its representatives by witnesses.

According to the institute, Christ's part began when National Guard Lieut. Rodolfo Isidrio López Sibrian, a former

Karen Payne is a reporter for The Miami News *who covers Federal courts and Federal agencies. She recently visited El Salvador.*

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security aide to Constituent Assembly president Roberto d'Aubuisson, drove to Christ's house. They contacted army Capt. Eduardo Alfonso Avila and the three went into the Sheraton coffee shop, where they saw Viera and the two A.I.F.L.D. officials appear at the door and then turn away to go to another part of the hotel. Christ allegedly muttered a curse and followed the three men. Later, the institute claims, Christ, López Sibrian and Avila went to the parking lot, where López Sibrian allegedly ordered two National Guard corporals to carry out the killings. Heberle says the corporals claim that Christ led them to the restaurant where the three were dining and pointed them out.

The institute took its version to the press after a Salvadoran judge ordered the release of López Sibrian, who was nonetheless confined to his quarters. In El Salvador, statements by alleged co-conspirators cannot be used in evidence against other co-conspirators, and the case hinged on the corporals' confessions. The judge ruled that the case be dropped.

In an October 5 letter to A.F.L.-C.I.O. president Lane Kirkland, A.I.F.L.D. executive director William Doherty attacked the "corruption" of the Salvadoran court and said the institute wants the "apparently responsible parties" held "until a fair trial is possible"—sometime after elections scheduled for 1984. In a report attached to Doherty's letter, one A.I.F.L.D. investigator said the U.S. Embassy has promised that López Sibrian won't be released by the military "until this matter is cleared up."

But Peter Romero, the State Department's El Salvador desk officer, said he knows of no such promise, and he criticized the institute for publishing its allegations. "To accuse people in the press . . . does not serve justice," he said in a terse interview. "To add more intense pressure to the judicial process serves no purpose. We were not consulted, and we cannot confirm their information."

Although a court in El Salvador is still investigating the murders, deciding whether the corporals should stand trial and for what crimes, Christ is not wanted at this time, Romero said. (Under Salvadoran law, it is the court rather than the police or prosecutors which is empowered to investigate certain crimes, and it may call witnesses, allow cross-examinations and draw up charges.) Testimony in the pretrial investigation so far, according to Romero, contradicts testimony previously given in Christ's case. Moreover, he rated as "low" (though he did not rule out) the possibility that the corporals had been compelled to confess. He was unable to say who interrogated the two men during the several weeks they spent in a National Guard prison before they confessed.

Christ's attorney in San Salvador, Juan Ramón Rosales y Rosales, said he cross-examined the corporals and they "could not agree on the arms used, or how the people were killed, or the physical surroundings." One day after Rosales publicly announced his belief that the corporals are innocent, he was arrested on an assault charge and jailed for twenty-seven days. Although U.S. Embassy sources said the arrest had nothing to do with the Christ case, Rosales called it a "political entrapment." Because of the arrest, Christ was without representation at an important stage of the court proceedings.

Court testimony shows that the stories of the two corporals are indeed suspect. For example, their account of the weapons they used does not square with the police ballistics report on the bullets removed from the victims' bodies. One of them could not accurately recall physical details of the Sheraton. The other did not notice Christ's limp, caused by a near fatal bout with childhood polio, nor did he remember Christ's skin color, height or clothing. One testified that Christ drove away from the hotel after the murders, but other witnesses have testified that they saw him arrive at the murder scene just after the killings. Interestingly, both corporals testified that they had not been polygraphed—an unusual oversight, if true, since the F.B.I. gave lie detector tests to almost everyone else who had any connection with the murders.

Neal Sonnett, Christ's attorney in Miami, said the only thing the new A.I.F.L.D. allegations prove is just how far U.S. and Salvadoran officials are willing to go in their effort to frame Christ. "The allegations against Hans Christ are patently phony," Sonnett said. "It's clear that some persons or group have an interest in using Hans Christ as a scapegoat." As evidence, Sonnett points to the extradition case brought against Christ in Miami.

Court records show that Christ's case was not handled in the way extradition cases usually are. Not only was the only witness against him brought forward by U.S. rather than Salvadoran officials but Christ was arrested on the initiative of the United States rather than a Salvadoran court.

In a sworn statement, Justice Department prosecutor Mark Torres-Gil said the State Department requested Christ's arrest on April 10, 1981, before any valid arrest warrant had been issued in El Salvador. The warrant was not issued until April 23, eight days after Christ was rousted out of his bed. During that time, according to Torres-Gil, a U.S. Embassy official was told to "inform" Salvadoran President José Napoleon Duarte of the need "to obtain a warrant as soon as possible."

The delay in issuing the warrant was caused by Ernesto Lemos-Herera, the Salvadoran judge originally assigned to Christ's case. "There was absolutely no credible evidence against Christ," said Lemos-Herera, who was shifted to traffic court after he balked. U.S. officials said a more "courageous" judge had to be found. But U.S. magistrate Charlene Sorrentino, who handled Christ's case in Miami, said later it is unlikely that any U.S. judge or magistrate would have signed a warrant for Christ's arrest based on the evidence against him. In court, Sorrentino said she was "appalled" by the way Christ was arrested.

The only witness against Christ was Teresa de Jesus Torres-Lopez, a Sheraton waitress who showed up at the American Embassy in March, three months after the killings. Sgt. Robert Miles of the embassy staff said Torres-Lopez came forward at his urging, after he procured a U.S. visa for her niece. (Miles later tried to claim a share of the $50,000 reward.) Torres-Lopez talked with consul Patricia

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Lansbury, who encouraged her to go to Salvadoran authorities and then, Torres-Lopez said, helped her get to the United States, where Miles promised she'd be taken care of. Lansbury won't discuss the matter. "It's part of my private life," she says.

It is clear that the U.S. Embassy had a strong interest at the time in finding witnesses and solving the murders. As Frederick Chapin, then Acting U.S. Ambassador, told a Congressional committee last year, it had been his "personal task" to secure Christ's prosecution. "I was able to get two persons . . . charged with accessory to the murder of the two American A.I.F.L.D. representatives," he said. The other person accused was Christ's brother-in-law, Ricardo Sol-Meza, a part-owner of the Sheraton. Sol-Meza was arrested in El Salvador and, like Christ, eventually cleared by the courts.

In four sworn statements to U.S. and Salvadoran authorities, Torres-Lopez said Christ signaled the men who committed the murders. There are numerous contradictions in her testimony as to whether she saw Christ with a gun, saw him talk on a walkie-talkie, saw him bending over the bodies and was threatened by him after the shootings. Torres-Lopez never claimed she saw the murders. In her last statement, prepared in June 1981 at the Justice Department, she tried to explain the contradictions away.

Justice Department prosecutor Murray Stein said last summer that he remembered "no discrepancies." But they were noted by magistrate Sorrentino in the September 1981 hearing that resulted in Christ's release on bond. "This is a very, very unusual case," she said. "There is only one witness . . . and her statements are in conflict with one another. . . . The witness was brought to this country and allowed to remain here and promised or given a $50,000 reward."

(According to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Torres-Lopez was given a B-2 visa and came to the United States on April 6, 1981, as a "visitor for pleasure." She applied for political asylum and is living in this country pending a decision. She apparently collected part of the $50,000 A.I.F.L.D. reward, judging from a statement by institute director Doherty. In June 1982, when Torres-Lopez was the only witness against Christ, Doherty said that part of the reward had been paid. He refused to say who got the money.)

Torres-Lopez passed a lie detector test at F.B.I. headquarters in Washington, D.C., in April 1981. But the F.B.I.'s report on the test shows that she was not asked about the alleged signal by Christ nor about any other allegation that implicates him or was in dispute. Asked about the irrelevance of the test, F.B.I. spokesman Wiley Thompson said, "There must be an explanation. Our polygraph expert would have no reason to ask irrelevant questions."

According to an F.B.I. report entered in the extradition hearings, the complete test of Torres-Lopez was as follows: "Is your first name Teresa? (yes) Were you born in El Salvador? (yes) Do you intend to deceive me regarding the shooting on 3 January? (no) Were you at that coffee shop when that shooting occurred? (yes) Were you an employee at the Sheraton Hotel during January 1981? (yes) Before that shooting occurred, did you know it was going to happen? (no) Did anyone instruct you to move those 3 men into the Salon de las Americas [restaurant]? (no) Are you now in the United States? (yes) Are you lying about Sol-Meza and Christ being in that room when you arrived after the shooting? (no) Did you actually see anyone shoot any of those three men? (no) Did you see any guns that could have been used in that shooting? (no) Have you ever in your life told a serious lie to your boss at the coffee shop? (no)"

Based on inconclusive accusations from this single witness, Christ was arrested in the middle of the night and jailed; he lost his $75,000-a-year job and incurred $150,000 in legal fees; and he and his brother-in-law are now afraid to return to El Salvador because, he said, "we have become targets for just about anybody, all the way from the extreme right to the extreme left."

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According to Christ, he and Sol-Meza were with a group of friends in the Sheraton's roller-disco at the time of the murders. After the shootings, Sol-Meza was called to the crime scene, and Christ went with him. Christ says that many people were already there when he arrived, and he theorizes that Torres-Lopez, who knew him by sight, spotted him in the crowd and so later used him as the foundation for her story.

A lie detector expert who administered a nine-hour test to Christ in Miami at his request last year said he is convinced that Christ is innocent. "Based on his polygraph examination, I do not believe Christ directed or assisted anyone in the shooting deaths," said George Slattery. "I believe from his test that he's telling the truth, and I think it's a shame the man is being ruined."

Slattery's detailed questions covered every aspect of the allegations. His report on the test reads: "Mr. Christ stated that he had nothing to do with the deaths of Messrs. Viera, Hammer and Pearlman and has no personal knowledge of those crimes. . . . He said he did not motion, gesture nor signal to anyone. . . . Mr. Christ stated that he had not taken any part in the death of the victims [and] does not know who killed the victims." Slattery asked Christ about the alleged signal to the gunmen. "I don't believe he gestured or motioned to someone nor signaled anyone concerning [the victims'] location within that hotel," Slattery said. "He has good clear polygrams, and the tests were run at least two times each. There's just absolutely no reason to believe he's lying about this case."

Also dubious about the charges against Christ is Leonel Gomez, who was for fourteen years Viera's closest adviser. "I see no evidence that Christ was involved—he had no motive," said Gomez, who fled to the United States after Viera's death. He knew of no rumors linking Christ to any "shady dealings" in the years before Viera died. "If Christ had been involved in anything, I'd have heard about it," Gomez said. "I heard nothing."

Viera, who survived several assassination attempts in 1980, was killed primarily because he exposed a $40 million corruption scheme involving Salvadoran Army officers, Gomez said. Viera was also embroiled in disputes with Duarte over the land reform program. In December 1980, Viera told Duarte he planned to resign on January 5, 1981, Gomez said. His resignation would have been a severe blow to Duarte, who needed the support of Viera's peasant followers. Viera was murdered on January 3, and a member of Duarte's ruling junta took over his job. "To me, the people who ordered the killing are in the high command of the army. Period. Those are the people responsible," Gomez said.

Former U.S. Ambassador Robert White is also "skeptical" about Christ's involvement in the murders. "It's a surprise to me that a man who I know had no direct involvement with the military would have been involved in the killings," White said. "It would be unusual for the security forces to admit a civilian into their planning. I don't think the security forces—the death squads that were and are—would admit a civilian into their counsel."

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Accepted wisdom in the press is that Christ is a "wealthy businessman," a "wealthy landowner" and a "right-wing activist." Part of the case against him is based on the idea that he was opposed to land reform and fits the picture of a conservative oligarch—and so could have a motive for wanting the deaths of the land reform operatives.

The labor institute's view of Christ, according to William Doherty, is that he is "identified with the extreme right" and is "outspoken against land reform." Of Christ and Sol-Meza, Doherty said at the time of their arrests, "We are going to feel a lot more comfortable now that those who were involved in the murder of our people are in jail." Sixteen months later, A.I.F.L.D.'s Heberle refused to give any evidence for Christ's political affiliations. "You run into problems, like libel and so on, and unless you can prove your points it's best not to make them," Heberle said.

According to attorney Sonnett, A.I.F.L.D. officials had identified Christ ever since his arrest, "at least in their own minds," as a member of the landed oligarchy. Both Sonnett and attorney Rosales say the characterization stuck—and helped create an unfavorable image of Christ. "It would be in A.I.F.L.D.'s interest, based on their aims in El Salvador, to try to pin these murders on the right wing or a member of the landed oligarchy rather than on the left wing or the military," Sonnett said, adding that an "oligarch killer" also suited the political purposes of the Duarte regime.

But in fact, before his arrest Christ managed the Grupo Granjero, an agribusiness conglomerate. As one of the country's youngest top managers, he lived well but was not considered particularly wealthy. Although he is related by marriage to a landowning family, he does not own land. He made no secret of his conservative economic views but was not active in politics. According to Chamber of Commerce vice president Richard Hill Arguello, Christ was "known for honesty and worked hard for what he had." Like most Salvadoran businessmen, Hill believes the United States is trying to make Christ a *chivo expiatorio* (scapegoat).

Sonnett said the labor institute is "in the forefront of the push to prosecute Christ . . . because they went out on a limb by making public their deep belief in Christ's guilt, and they have to stick with it." But Sonnett charges that U.S. officials too had, and still have, powerful motivation for pushing the prosecution of Christ. "The U.S. government has knowingly assisted in the perpetration of fraudulent charges against Hans Christ," Sonnett said. "The actions of U.S. officials have been motivated by a desire to see somebody—anybody—charged and convicted of these crimes, so they can report that progress is being made and insure continued military aid to El Salvador."

Like Sonnett, Christ blames U.S. officials for instigating the prosecution that turned his life topsy-turvy. Schooled in the United States, Christ says he is mystified by the dogged pursuit of his case by the U.S. government: "After what I learned about justice and what the United States stood for, I couldn't believe this was happening to me." He has no explanation of why he was caught up in the political tangle surrounding the murders—except the bad luck of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

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In a recent interview, Christ was philosophical. "In a way, I feel optimistic that evil can't win over good, but I have my misgivings," he said. "They know I had nothing to do with this. My only goal is to see my name vindicated—and for justice to have run its proper course." Whatever course justice may eventually run, based on the available evidence it already seems that, in its effort to achieve a political end—the semiannual certification of improved human rights in El Salvador—the U.S. government is complicit in a violation of human rights. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 578*)

David Hawkins will agree that the threat of nuclear war has reshaped the traditional constituencies on both sides of the disarmament issue.

This is plain from the results of the November 2 freeze referendums. And what demonstrates this shift better than the stance of the Catholic bishops—most of whom attained their posts within the past ten years—challenging the Church's traditional positions on many issues? Finally, my own investigations have convinced me that the freeze movement is also growing because of increasing concern about the swollen military budget, Reaganomics and racism.

As for Hendrik Hertzberg, let it first be said that I never accused any of the junketeers of being bought off by their freebies, and I'm glad to learn that no attempt was made to sway him. But surely he cannot claim that the trip was not arranged for briefing purposes, or that the goal of the NATO initiative was not to enable the invitees to "converse with a succession of diplomats and politicians and opinion leaders," as Hertzberg put it in his October 25 *New Republic* piece.

Before accusing me of McCarthyism, Hertzberg should be more forthcoming and tell us (1) why, in his view, NATO, under siege by the European disarmament movement, organized and funded this unprecedented junket in the first place and (2) the criteria for the selection of these particular opinion makers.

As for Edward Epstein's *Legend*, of course he did not openly admit that Angleton was his source for his Oswald-K.G.B. thesis—though that is the common supposition among those who monitor this intelligence world. Epstein did, however, depend upon the Oswald construct for his whole thesis—namely the claim that the defector Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko was Oswald's K.G.B. control and that he was assigned to this country as a disinformation agent to protect Oswald's cover (his "legend").

This theory was an obsession with the spook-driven Angleton (although it was rejected by his C.I.A. superiors), and Epstein's heavy reliance on this *fantasiste* as a key source, especially for his weird Nosenko scenario, forms the core of his book. In fact, it's hard to see how Epstein could have written the book without the input from Angleton.

And now to Rael Jean Isaac.

I'm sure that *Nation* readers will find in both the tone and the substance of her letter corroboration of my original charges. But I cannot resist a few comments.

Here is a presumably responsible writer who in effect calls highly respected Quaker peace leader Terry Provance a liar. Provance has declared, "I am not and never have been a member of the World Peace Council nor the U.S. Peace Council," a statement which I summarized in my article along with an account of his fleeting relationships with the two groups. Isaac rejects all this. She obviously prefers to rely on letterhead listings, which are ideologically more congenial.

I am deeply grieved by Isaac's rejoinder for other reasons. She charges in the *American Spectator* article she wrote with Erich Isaac that pacifism is linked to Nazism; that mainline Protestant churches are aflame with support for violent revolution; that the "extreme left," aided by Soviet agents, has mounted a successful intellectual assault on the media, the universities and church leaders, causing a "distrust of the U.S. by its citizens." And on and on—yet these and other extraordinary charges remain unsupported *ipse dixits.*

Isaac calls my reference to her hatchet job on Breira "sappy." But: "the raven chides the blackness." Her thirty-page pamphlet "Breira: Council for Judaism" concludes, in part, "if Jews want to organize on behalf of Fatah, that is their privilege. But let them call it 'Jews for Fatah' not 'Breira.'"

On February 17, 1977, Isaac's Godfather in Congress, Representative Larry McDonald, summarized her pamphlet in the *Congressional Record*, noting that Breira "pretends to be a Zionist organization, but . . . in fact is a support group for the Soviet-supported terrorist P.L.O." The Jewish community was saturated with three printings of the pamphlet; Breira's demise followed, along with the ruin of a number of careers.

What could be more "sappy" than smearing the peace movement as made up of "counterfeit peacemakers"? Isaac never deigns to offer support or justification for her charge that the legions of freeze endorsers were influenced by the W.P.C. or any other supposedly subversive group. She still refuses to identify the individuals or the *modus operandi* responsible for subverting the freeze movement.

How, for example, were 10,000 Bostonians induced to travel to and demonstrate at the June 12 rally in New York City? Was this the work of the W.P.C. or the K.G.B.? Who was responsible for the growth of the vast freeze network? Are all the participants and their leaders pawns or puppets ready to sell out their country to aid the Soviet motherland? What cosmic scam deceives senators, representatives, generals, Nobel prize winners, professionals and millions of other Americans who endorse the freeze? How did the crafty Russians win over the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the National Council of Churches?

Isaac has emerged as an important figure in ultraright smear circles. She is readily identifiable as a propagandist in the American gutter tradition exemplified in the past by such figures as Martin Dies, Elizabeth Dilling and Walter Steele, and more recently by people like John Rees, Senator Jeremiah Denton and Representative McDonald. In a sense Isaac is what Manheim would call a "culture bearer," an individual who embodies the very essence of a cultural or political tradition, its assumptions and values. But Isaac adds something to this classic profile: a graceful style and a pretense of scholarship.

Sometimes the results are quite ludicrous. For example, in her famous diatribe against the Institute for Policy Studies, ten source citations—out of a total of forty-six—are to *Congressional Record* inserts of Larry McDonald and the discredited publications of John Rees. Indeed, playing the scholarly game to the hilt, Isaac in her first footnote acknowledges her great indebtedness to Rees's *Information Digest*. In this same piece the burden of scholarship is further borne by citations to Heritage Foundation reports, Senate and House internal security committee hearings, *National Review* articles and Reed Irvine's Accuracy in Media.

Isaac's abandonment of the traditional kook stridency for a more genteel packaging makes her far-out offerings acceptable to mainline conservative journals. This is no small accomplishment: she has brought the gutter into the parlor.

I believe we are on the threshold of a renewed smear campaign. The election results have stirred further White House attempts to diffuse the freeze movement. The draft of the bishops' pastoral letter has produced additional anxiety. And the protests looming at home over the MX missile siting, and abroad over the deployment of the Pershing 2 missiles, promise to add to the drive.

Frank Donner

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Bursts of Meaning

EDWARD W. SAID

ANOTHER WAY OF TELLING. *By John Berger and Jean Mohr. Pantheon Books. 300 pp. $17.50. Paper $9.95.*

The standard objection to John Berger's criticism of the visual arts is that it is too sentimental, too earnest. Leftist critics in particular tend to find Berger mushy and vague, despite his obviously rigorous position on the social functions of art in capitalist (or socialist) society. Such objections, however, seem to me both inaccurate and uninteresting, given Berger's deliberate style of commentary and its remarkably suggestive, as well as original, accomplishments.

Nevertheless, Berger is not easy to digest, partly because he has a great deal to say in his stream of essays, books of criticism, film scripts and novels, and partly because he says it in unusual ways. He relies on no single method, although he takes from various semiologists and iconographers the better things they have to offer. He is that rare being, an unorthodox Marxist who doesn't feel the need to construct a massive new theoretical framework to account for the unforeseen complexities of late capitalism. His knowledge of art history, philosophy and literature, like his acute political sense, is sophisticated without being heavy or obtrusive. The best thing about him, though, is his relentless striving for accessible truths about the visual arts—their ambiguity, memorial enchainments, half-conscious projections and irreducibly subjective force.

Berger has been typecast as an English eccentric who has chosen to live among peasants in a particularly rough and mountainous area of France. A closer look at his recent work, however, reveals a more systematic, philosophical and political project than the rather empirical cast of his prose suggests. His interest in the peasant life he discusses in *Pig Earth*, for example, is intensified by the fact that such life is now threatened with extinction. Similarly, his studies of Picasso, photography and "ways of seeing" attempt to rescue the valuable in art from the false reputations, advertising clichés and routine judgments that might otherwise triumph. Berger's project is to distinguish the authentic from the merely successful, and to save the former from the ravages of the latter.

Another Way of Telling is perhaps his most ambitious work along these lines: for the first time he offers an explicit and sustained account of art's positive uses in a setting hostile to art as felt experience. Berger's co-author is the great Swiss photographer Jean Mohr, with whom he produced such classics as *A Fortunate Man* and *A Seventh Man. Another Way of Telling* begins with a series of personal reflections by Mohr on his art; next is Berger's extended essay, "Appearances," on the meaning of photographs and photo-sequences; followed by "If each time . . .", a section containing 150 photographs by Mohr, carefully arranged and centered around the life of an elderly French peasant woman. Berger returns with "Stories," a few pages on the relationship between prose narratives and the order of visual succession. The book ends with an absolute masterpiece of a photograph by Mohr opposite a short poem by Berger: photograph and poem together produce another way of telling about the reality of an old peasant, this one a man, facing a day's chores at an ungodly morning hour. Narrative has been replaced by constellations of experience (what Gerard Manley Hopkins would have called bursts of meaning) that convey the privacy as well as the context of the old man's life.

This rather schematic account cannot do this rich book justice. The photographs that accompany Mohr's ruminations on his artistic practice are extraordinary both as pictures and as accompaniment to the text. This is especially true of two sets of photographs. One consists of pictures of a blind Indian girl who, while listening to Mohr make animal sounds, breaks out into a shatteringly beautiful smile; a moment later we see her lapsing back into lonely repose. The second set is of hungry Indonesian children running alongside Mohr's train, hands outstretched yet receiving nothing. He says that they became an obsession with him, a feeling echoed by the children's fugitive grace, despite their emaciated bodies and unnaturally bright eyes.

But at the heart of the book is, I think, an argument *against* linear sequence—that is, sequence construed by Berger as the symbol of dehumanizing political processes. For Mohr and Berger, the contemporary world is dominated by monopolistic systems of order, all engaged in the extinction of privacy, subjectivity, free choice. According to Berger, this state of affairs is a consequence of the violent conflation of time with History—objective, official, real—that occurred as part of industrialization in the nineteenth century. "Public photography" reduces a man weeping or "a door or a volcano" to a statistic, a recordable fact, a commodity. Subjectivity, whose last social function is "the individual consumer's dream," is forcibly attenuated:

> From this primary suppression of the social function of subjectivity, other suppressions follow: of meaningful democracy (replaced by opinion polls and market-research techniques), of social conscience (replaced by self-interest), of history (replaced by racism and other myths), of hope—the most subjective and social of all energies (replaced by the sacralization of Progress as Comfort).

In control systems and in scientific investigations, photographs supply identity and information respectively. In advertising or journalism, photographs are used *as if* they belonged to the same order of truth as science or control systems; the communications industry would like to press viewers into accepting the photograph as evidence either of buyable goods or of immutable reality. Buy this product because it will make you happy; the poor are sick and hungry, and that's the way it is.

In fact, because of its peculiar status as a quotation from reality containing traces of the historic world, the photograph bears an ambiguity within itself that is not so easily co-opted. As a "way of telling," the historical mode not only objectifies the world; it also forces on it "the principle of historical progress." This, Berger says, does "a deep violence" to subjective experience

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Edward W. Said is the author of Orientalism *(Times Books),* The Question of Palestine *and* Covering Islam *(both Pantheon); his forthcoming book is* The World, the Text & the Critic. *He is professor of English at Columbia University.*

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by coercing reality into linear forms that narrate progress—thus eliminating the timeless, the dead, superstition, embedded conservatism, eternal laws, fatalism and the like. Private photographs, however, those "fragile images, often carried next to the heart or placed by the side of the bed, are used to refer to that which historical time has no right to destroy." Every photograph, therefore, is the result of a choice (of the instant to be photographed) although its meanings depend on the viewer's ability to lend it a past and a future, to reinsert the discontinuous instant into a durational continuum. The photograph's ambiguity can thus either be acknowledged—at which point interpretive words supplied for the photograph lift it from the level of fact to the level of suggestion and ideas—or denied, in which case it is subject to "the opportunism of corporate capitalism."

To read or interpret photographs, then, is to unite the human expectation of coherence with the language of appearances. The richer the photograph in quotation, the broader the scope for creative interpretation and the more the photographic instant achieves "another kind of meaning." This new kind of meaning is born when "confronting the event [the subject of the photograph] extends and joins it to other events, thus widening [the photograph's] diameter." All this, like a stone in water, breaks the one-directional flow of sequential narratives decreeing that what journalists, government discourse and scientific experts say is History, whereas the private subjective experience is not. Photographs are therefore potentially insurrectionary, so long as the language interpreting them does not, like most semiological discourse, become "reductive and disapproving."

Berger's language is neither. No one can more ably turn frozen surfaces into tractable worlds, "appropriated by reflection, permeated by feelings." And no one has so persuasively made it possible to read a sequence of photographs—in this particular case, the set of 150 that radiate out from one humble peasant life—as a "field of coexistence like the field of memory." In destroying the notion of sequence, Berger allows one to see mutual "energies of attraction" between photographs, so that, as he says, the ambiguity of photographs "at last becomes true." And this ambiguity, of course, is another way of telling about human life.

Berger and Mohr answer directly and eloquently to the need for some leftist alternative to an almost incredibly successful capitalist culture, whose inhuman sequences of order—newspaper columns, TV news narratives, official expertise—assume a silently complacent constituency. Their work derives from Walter Benjamin in some ways (Benjamin also preferred the episodic, deliberately un-booklike collection of pieces, seeing such "inconspicuous forms" as better suited to influence "active communities" than "the pretentious, universal gesture of the book") and from Marcuse in others. The frankly libertarian and optimistic bias of Berger's style, however, is his alone.

And yet, for all its brilliance, *Another Way of Telling* leaves me with a certain skepticism. True, the media, advertising and the "experts" have cornered the market on "objective truth." Even truer, the oppositional culture has in the

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main been co-opted almost beyond redemption; impotence is the leftist intellectual's common lot today. But the rediscovery of subjectivity as a social value, and of time and timelessness as embodied in a photograph, are feeble bulwarks against the encroaching sea of cement. As passionately as Ruskin, Berger seems to believe that a proper schooling of the visual faculties will make for a more effective counter-hegemonic cultural practice.

Two questions are left unanswered by Berger's work. First, can one really undertake esthetic/intellectual projects in the private sector, so to speak, and then launch out from there directly into politics? Unlike Lukacs and Gramsci, Berger fails to deal with the power of ideology to saturate culture. There can be no unilateral withdrawal from ideology. Surely it is quixotic to expect photographic interpretation to serve some such purpose.

The second question is the central one of oppositional politics—what to do? Photography, Berger says, deals with memory and the past. What of the future? Even if he wishes to deal only with cultural politics, *Another Way of Telling* demands a further step which Berger does not take: connecting his esthetics with action. It is a measure of Berger's achievement as a writer that for him that step wouldn't be hard to take. □

Surrealism Rides Again

LEWIS HYDE

FREE SPIRITS: Annals of the Insurgent Imagination, I. *Edited by Paul Buhle, Jayne Cortez, Philip Lamantia, Nancy Joyce Peters, Franklin Rosemont and Penelope Rosemont. City Lights Books. 224 pp. $7.95.*

In one of the better pieces in this new journal of art and left politics, the British novelist Angela Carter imagines Edgar Allan Poe's childhood. Poe's mother was a vaudeville actress; night after night she would play such stock dramatic scenes as the burial of Ophelia: "A couple of brawny supers carried Mama on stage . . . wrapped in a shroud, tipped her into the cellerage amidst displays of grief from all concerned. But up she would pop at curtain call, having shaken the dust off her graveclothes . . . , to take a bow with the rest of the resurrected immortals, all of whom turned out to be just as un-dead as she." One night, however, the ending changed, and her confused son followed the casket to a real grave, wearing the tiny black suit given him by a wealthy Mr. Allan.

The esthetic of this journal is Surrealism. Long ago André Breton declared his belief "in the future resolution of dream and reality . . . into a kind of absolute reality, a *surreality*." Carter's essay is successfully Surreal in Breton's sense, joining the known data of Poe's life and the troubled dreams of his fiction.

Lewis Hyde's book on art and property, The Gift, *will be published by Random House next February.*

In the best pieces here, in fact—Philip Lamantia's poem ("Choppers in the night husk the brilliants of thought"), a wise eighth grader's reflections on horror movies ("a revenge against the way things are"), Jim O'Brien's essay "The History of North America from the Standpoint of the Beaver" (which tells us why beavers adorn the tiles of the Astor Place subway stop in New York City)—we find all of Surrealism's old virtues: a fertile trust in the unconscious, a detachment from the demands of conceptual precision, a refusal to be bullied by collective beliefs and a lively irreverence, a mercurial brio.

Too many of the pieces do not work, however, and their failings, too, seem to come with the territory. Breton insisted that the Surrealist operate "in the absence of any control exercised by reason," which is a useful rule for writing a certain kind of poem, but not for editing a magazine. Where the control of reason has been banished, the critical faculties seem to flee as well, which may be why so many of the "free spirits" here seem numb to the complexities of their own beliefs.

The absence of even a whisper of self-criticism in many of these selections has the effect of waking the *reader's* insurgent imagination. When I peruse Joseph Jablonski's paean to the "sexual heterodoxy" of the early Shakers, I remember that Hawthorne found the Shaker women pale and unhealthy, the men uniformly glum. When I read Nancy Joyce Peters on the "superior sensitivity" of the schizo-

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phrenic artist, I fall to brooding on my crazy friend whose one notable talent is her ability to have her clothing stolen by strangers.

A second and more serious problem with these annals can also be traced to the roots of Surrealism. In one of the oddest essays here, Nelson Algren argues that a man who murdered a little girl in Philadelphia in 1959 acted as Joseph Conrad acted when he wrote a novel. Murdering and writing are both creative acts, you see. "A common tie unites the strangler of a child, the creative artist, the classic eroticist [i.e. de Sade], and the murderer in fiction," Algren declares.

We can most easily understand such foolishness if we turn to an interview elsewhere in this journal in which a hopeful interlocutor asks the American Indian writer Jamake Highwater if he sees "any relation between tribal ceremonies . . . and surrealism." No, Highwater replies. "The word surrealism has no significance to tribal peoples," only to Westerners who have "arbitrarily divided the Cosmos into Logos and Eros." Most tribal peoples, he might have added, are able to tell the difference between an artist and a murderer.

Surrealism in Europe grew up in opposition to middle-class morality, and the two are therefore connected. To my mind, the fascination with murder and de Sade which has marked Surrealism since its birth and which is evident here, tells us that the meaning of this movement lies *within* bourgeois capitalism. As Highwater says, it loses its significance outside that framework—and this may explain why Surrealism's most durable legacy has been its contribution to the art of advertising.

I must confess that I have been much perplexed as to how to write about *Free Spirits*. A new art journal on the left is a rare and welcome thing, and this one is lively and unusually diverse. Still and all, no journal will long survive unless it is taken seriously and its shortcomings addressed. I have done so here in the hope that this will be only the first of many "annals of the insurgent imagination."

But Is It London?

JONATHAN BIRCHALL

GETTING IT RIGHT. *By Elizabeth Jane Howard. The Viking Press. 264 pp. $13.95.*

Getting It Right is all about England, the land that gave the world New Wave music, riots in Toxteth, war with the Argies, *Chariots of Fire* and the Royal Wedding. But Gavin Lamb, ladies' hairdresser and the hero of our tale, comes from another England—the gray suburbs of London, that never-never land of the petite bourgeoisie, where all the women are called Marge and everyone takes three lumps with their tea. Gavin, who lives at home with his dad and mum (devoted respectively "to making money and keeping things nice"), has acne and dandruff and is a virgin, which would not be so bad were he not 31. As Gavin's mum would say, it never rains but it pours. At least he's got his education; home from a long day at the salon he retreats to his tastefully furnished attic room and consoles himself with Chopin, books and vaguely masturbatory fantasies of Vuillard interiors and girls in bikinis.

Most people can probably work out the rest from here, once told that he doesn't get hit by a truck or beaten up by the cops or have an affair with his old friend Harry, but gets involved with women—or, as they say over there, girls. And such girls! There's Joan, a 6-foot-tall West End sophisticate with an orange wig and a Greek homosexual husband; anorexic and poshly raised Minerva, who carries her possessions, including a parrot, in plastic shopping bags; Muriel, Gavin's sister's 200-pound, green-polyester-clad friend; and, finally, Jenny from the salon, who's only 20 and has a 3-year-old son—a nice, normal girl.

Gavin, of course, gets it right. His personality defects heal as quickly as his acne, and on the way we smile at the folks around. Especially at dear old mum, who crochets playsuits for teddy bears while saying things like "A lot of elderly people drop dead from eating warmed up food," and dad, convinced that "abroad" is dangerous (because of the war) and not respectable (because that was where he had premarital sex). Then there is the not-quite-so-funny up-

Jonathan Birchall, a former Nation *intern, lives in London.*

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per crust—the clients at the salon and Minerva's industrialist father, with his country residence, his blazer "with a great many gleaming brass buttons and a tie with sailing yachts on it" and his conviction that "hairdressers are a poovy lot."

Funny enough, but Gavin's odyssey is just not that interesting. He develops, but there is never any real crisis, no wrestling with alternative destinies. Important issues, such as the impossibility of monogamy and the meaningless tedium of life in the suburbs, are mentioned and then dropped. The poor sod never gets a chance to get things *wrong*; he just trots along while Howard throws up diversionary incidents to keep things going. A 9-year-old cousin is killed by a jackknifed truck to get mum and dad out of the house for a week or so; Minerva is suddenly introduced at a party naked in bed and just as suddenly abandoned, eating biscuits by the packet and throwing up in a basement flat.

So why keep reading? Because, I suppose, of the Soap Opera Effect, by which even the most trivial characters become interesting when you know enough details about their personal lives (is this why we keep our friends?). Howard makes Gavin an attractive character by effectively describing the mental agonies of the extremely self-conscious: "Another thing about parties, he recalled, was that he nearly always felt too hot at them." Or, "Gavin decided to stand, and then thought he couldn't stand all through a drink, so he sat down."

Unfortunately, the psychological realism with which Gavin is portrayed does not sit easily with the two-dimensional caricatures that make up the rest of the cast. Howard seesaws between the wish to say something deep about the human condition in North Barnet and the wish to get not-too-expensive laughs.

Getting It Right is entertaining, like a BBC sitcom, but is it London? Howard has an excellent ear for the idioms of class (when to say "sufficient" instead of "enough") and a feeling for social mannerisms, but her view of the world is fundamentally precious. The plight of the petite bourgeoisie seems so terribly *unesthetic*—all that Formica, and the sequins and felt in the bathroom, and such dreadfully dim people. No wonder T.S. Eliot disapproved. Here's her description of a pub: "Large sweating men in tweed suits; middle-aged women wearing diamanté clips and fur jackets, with most of them shouting and laugh-

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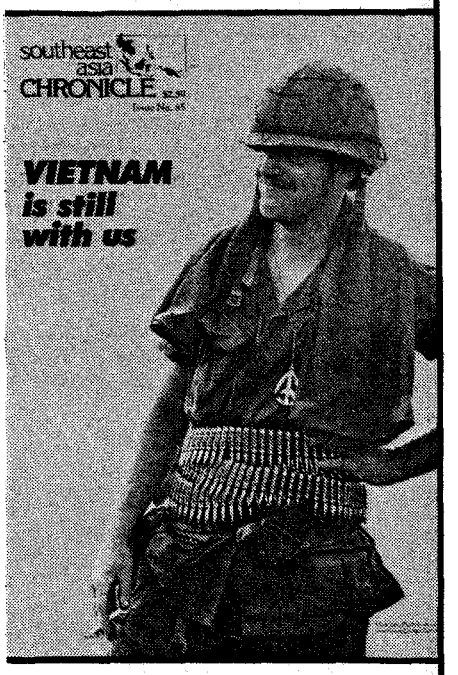

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ing. Jokes about Irishmen, Welshmen and Scotsmen and just any old person who was tight were being bandied about."

How nasty. Much rather fish pâté and dark bread, a little wine and classical music on the stereo. *Getting It Right* is an haut-bourgeois novel about petit-bourgeois people. I wonder if Howard's ever been in a pub. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Foxfire
Twice Around the Park

The "vehicle" is an old theatrical category, and is, literally, a production for stars to "ride in." As plays they have little or no merit, and exist solely to show off the talents of star performers. Audiences and even reviewers have found this satisfactory. One major exception was Bernard Shaw; he wrote of Eleanora Duse, who appeared in several vehicles in London, that she "gave us not art but herself," and added, "We don't accept reputations, we give them."

The two points of Shaw's broadside—personality replacing art and reputation standing in for accomplishment—are well taken in the light of two current theater pieces of boundless ineptitude, *Foxfire* and *Twice Around the Park*. Since the word vehicle still bears a tinge of the pejorative, neither play is advertised as such, but vehicles they are, for Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in the first one and Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson in the second.

As theatrical transportation, I'd call *Foxfire* a one-horse shay. The piece is set on a mountaintop in southern Appalachia, and was stitched together from folk tales, local yarns and indigenous bits of wisdom by Cronyn himself and Susan Cooper. The plot, such as it is, concerns a widow whose rock-singer son wants her to move from the place for her own comfort and safety, a pressure she resists in the name of staying with the land and hanging on to the good old values. You can bet that she doesn't succumb.

The dialogue is studded with such words and expressions as "gittar," "young 'uns," "a fur piece" (a long way), "what's chewin' on ya?" "my manners is rusty as an old hinge" and "what the eye don't see the heart don't grieve." Dramaturgically, *Foxfire* is distinguished by the presence on stage of the dead husband—dead to the rest of the cast but not to the widow, with whom he has frequent conversations, mostly of a nostalgic or ostensibly humorous nature.

Twice Around the Park might be called the urban equivalent of *Foxfire*. It consists of Murray Schisgal's two one-acters, "A Need for Brussels Sprouts" and "A Need for Less Expertise," both labored, obvious and unbearably "heart-warming." In the first, Wallach and Jackson play an actor and a policewoman—neighbors who meet when she serves him with a summons for playing his phonograph too loudly and who then fall in love. In the second, they're a couple trying to save their marriage, chiefly by means of recorded tantric love exercises. Both acts strive mightily for wit and currency. Their degree of success may be judged by the following representative lines, one from each playlet: "If you can't stand the heat stay out of the kitchen," and "In the twenty-six years of our marriage, you have never once massaged my feet."

Admittedly, a vehicle is designed to display the artistry of well-known performers; the text is more or less insignificant. But, as Shaw knew, artistry is seldom on exhibition: personality is. It doesn't matter if the particular performer wants to serve dramatic art, because where there isn't any dramatic art in the text, there cannot be any histrionic art in the performance, either. The idea that acting can exist in a vacuum is one of the scandalous results of the star system and one of the chief deficiencies of our entire theatrical tradition.

Since there is nothing to act, the two famed couples play at being themselves in disguise; they present variations on established personae. And since only one of the four, Jackson, has any real force as either a performer or a personality, she's the only agency of life in the two productions. As the uniformed policewoman she's wholly unconvincing but not obnoxious; as the tantric disciple she's obnoxious but somewhat amusing.

For the rest, Cronyn is his familiar earnest, competent, uninspired self, lumbering around the stage in boots and galoshes as the all-too-solid ghost of *Foxfire*. Tandy is her usual earnest, uninspired, competent self, playing the mountain woman in what has been hailed as winsome and heartfelt fashion.

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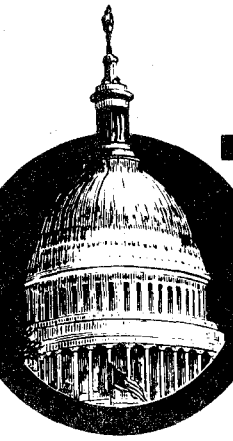

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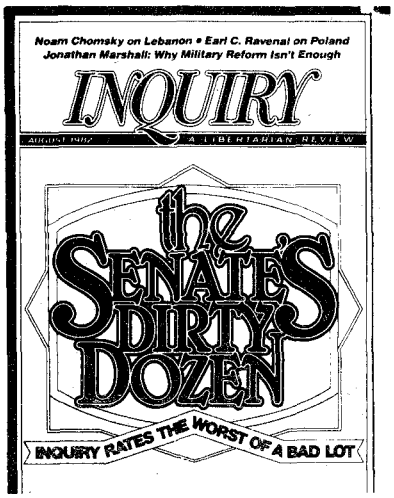
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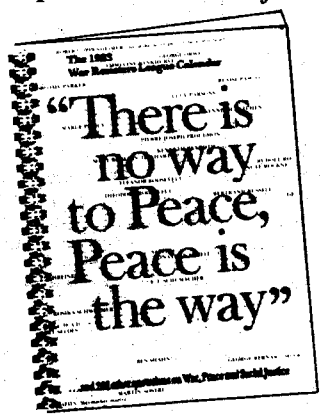

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Wallach offers his high-pitched, strangulated voice and predictable double takes and grimaces. A friend of mine suggested that the two couples might alternate in the productions; from the standpoint of drama, there wouldn't be any difference. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

My Favorite Year
The Missionary
Five Days One Summer

Farce is an indulgent form of theater. Its purpose will be served by almost any plot, and its tone can range from sentimentality to satire. The one demand it makes on its practitioners is speed. Farce does not ask for the suspension of disbelief; it merely permits that faculty no time to function. When the pace slackens, the machine begins to wobble.

My Favorite Year is about show people and therefore sentimental almost by definition. The star is Peter O'Toole, who plays Alan Swann, a 1950s screen idol of the Errol Flynn stamp (plumed hats and swords flashing on the battlements). He has arrived in New York to do a guest turn on a TV comedy hour and, since his most handsome piece of luggage is a fitted case designed to hold several fifths of Pinch Scotch, the studio is understandably concerned as to his dependability. He is assigned a chaperon in the person of Benjy Stone (Mark Linn-Baker), a Brooklyn lad with a quick tongue, who has long worshiped Swann from afar. If he hopes to keep his job, the boss says, Benjy will deliver Swann, on time and reasonably sober, to rehearsals and to the show.

That's the plot, a thin and shopworn fabric, but the embroidery worked upon it is a marvel of show-business virtuosity. It is brash and mawkish, full of shrewd asides and outrageous pratfalls. Disaster constantly threatens but never quite strikes; gangsters intrude and are repelled with fists and cutlass. His part fits O'Toole as though written for him (as no doubt it was), and Linn-Baker, a newcomer, has an expert way with double takes and sharp one-liners. *My Favorite Year* is not the greatest farce—it is not in a league with, let's say, *Three Men on a Horse*—but it knows how the game is played. The screenplay is by Norman Steinberg and Dennis Palumbo, from a story by the latter. Richard Benjamin directed.

The Missionary concerns the odd career of a young, somewhat whey-faced Church of England cleric (Michael Palin, one of the Monty Python zanies) who has been recalled from spreading the faith in Africa to minister to the souls of prostitutes in Edwardian London. Supported by the richest, and perhaps most libidinous, titled lady in all England (Maggie Smith), he opens a mission in the depths of the East End and soon fills it with women—most of them mere girls—who are much drawn to a man who beds them with gusto while expressing a tender regard for their spiritual well-being. The Reverend Fortescue's success in this endeavor is somewhat shadowed by his engagement to a country curate's daughter (Phoebe Nicholls) who won't submit to a premarital kiss and whose ruling passion is for filing her fiancé's correspondence.

All this would seem fertile soil for a farce, one that lightly mocked the genteel prudery and ecclesiastical hypocrisy of an earlier age, but the film proceeds more at the pace of a domestic comedy. It is slow out of the starting gate and is forever pausing to develop character and explicate relationships, matters of little concern to farce. As a result, one begins to think about what is going on, which is unfortunate, for what goes on is patently absurd and acceptable only if taken at a gallop. Of course there are amusements—any film with the deviously deadpan Palin at its center and with Trevor Howard contributing another of his impersonations of the mad British gentry is bound to produce laughs. But those are spread out and do not pile up to a climax of hilarity. Between guffaws I found myself with the leisure to wonder why these people were making such fools of themselves. At times *The Missionary* seems almost to take itself seriously, and that is death to farce. Palin wrote the screenplay; Richard Loncraine directed.

According to an interview he gave *The New York Times*, Fred Zinnemann has been itching to make *Five Days One Summer* for at least thirty years. As I understand him, his dominant urge was to direct a movie on location high in the Alps of his native Austria. In a short story by Kay Boyle, he found the subject matter that would take him there.

Zinnemann's conquest of the Alps is a stirring, beautiful feat. With a camera

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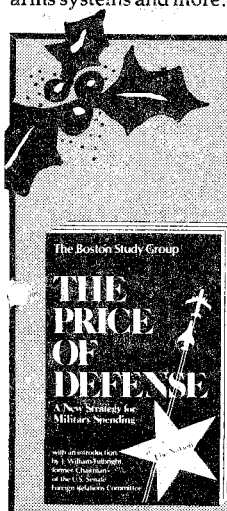

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crew headed by Giuseppe Rotunno, he worked at altitudes up to 10,000 feet—often on treacherous terrain and in dangerous weather—to produce a documentary on how it feels to risk one's life on rock and ice. He explores people's attraction to this most hazardous of sports and, in engrossing technical detail, how they equip and train themselves to reach their summits. Scenery has never been presented with greater dramatic force: the Alps have never seemed more aloof and commanding. The breathtaking climbs, Zinnemann says, are authentic.

The story is more of a problem. Played against the vigor of the mountains, it seems inanimate, even trivial. Perhaps that was inevitable, given the director's star treatment of the landscape; or perhaps the story (at least as adapted for the screen by Michael Austin) is less arresting than its solemn expression of runaway passions would suggest. It is well enough presented and performed, but its conflicts and values are the common coin of popular romance, and it is almost embarrassingly predictable.

Kate, a woman in her early 20s, has harbored a love for her Uncle Douglas ever since she was a little girl. He returns to Scotland, after ten years of doctoring in India, to discover that the enduring spark of Kate's passion has lit a flame in his own bosom. He is married, he is old enough to be her father and they fall within the bounds of incest, but these considerations mean nothing to her and little to him. They are seized by an obsession for each other, and soon they are off for a holiday of rugged mountaineering and illicit cohabitation.

Even on the train one sees that Kate has misgivings. At the mountain hotel, and when she is not on some perilous slope roped between Douglas and their excellent guide, her mood vacillates from amorous gaiety to tearful qualms. And you need but one glance at Johann, their guide, to predict that her situation will become even more equivocal. He is implausibly handsome, impeccable of manner, gracefully efficient at his work and capable of fierce indignation on learning that Kate is wasting her youth on an old man who is not even her husband. Though still enamored of Douglas, she is much drawn to her dashing champion.

There comes a day when the two men set out on a particularly taxing climb, leaving Kate at a rest hut to ponder the sides of her triangle. Again, one knows what will occur: only one man will come down from the heights, the question in suspense being which it will be. But the answer to that, if you are at all alert to symbolic foreshadowing, has been given by an earlier episode. The body of a guide, entombed for forty years in a glacier, is exhumed and, still looking as young and fresh as on the day he died, is carried down to be gazed upon by the woman, now old and bent, who was to have been his bride. In fact, though, it doesn't much matter whether it is Douglas or Johann who survives; Kate will be bereft in either case.

The players in this rather too neat tragedy are Sean Connery as Douglas, Betsy Brantley as Kate and Lambert Wilson as Johann. They work well together, Connery and Wilson being particularly effective as two men who admire each other across a gulf of age and jealousy. Bentley, who is comely without being in any definable way beautiful, conveys vividly that Kate's seeming power of will is as intangible as the mists on the peaks. But unfortunately, and like too much else in the story, her behavior seems to be manipulated for the convenience of the narrative. Nevertheless, Zinnemann's Alps are, as they say, worth the cost of admission. □

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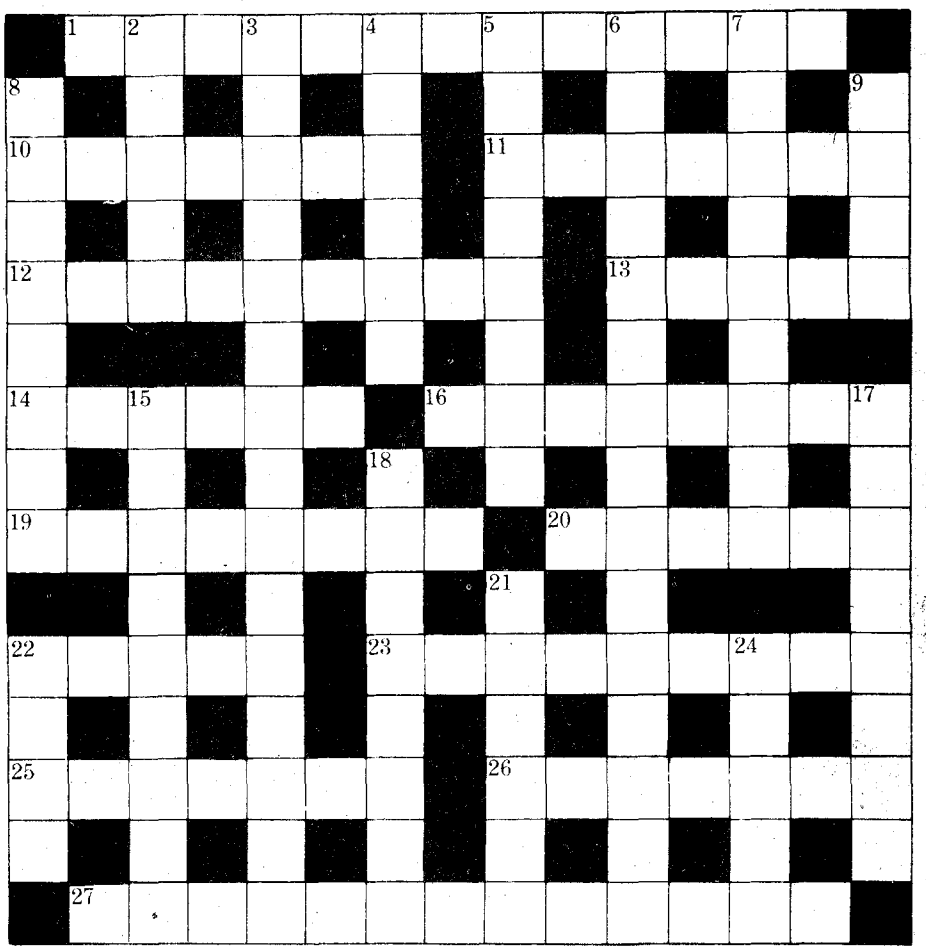

ACROSS

1 Rather descriptive of a sky-rocket! (4-9)
10 One of those departing from the *Recessional*? (7)
11 A call in *Cavalier Tunes* sounds twice as powerful as *The Deacon's Masterpiece*. (2,5)
12 See 24 down
13 Rather dismal and old-fashioned. (5)
14 The beginning—otherwise I go out, playing the game. (6)
16 Neither the business of betting on football at the office, nor the business of selling natatorium equipment—though it might be on the table. (4,4)
19 What the prejudiced take, and in what manner. (It's certainly not the main event.) (4,4)
20 Totters, as some might say—due to the sort that are more dangerous in Europe. (6)
22 and 9 down Ursa Major should logically be such. (5,4)
23 Puts down, commonly. (9)
25 Is Uncle a nervous type to get less dirty inside? (7)
26 Commonly thought to be with a number or so. (7)
27 Carnaby creations, perhaps, but certainly not uniform. (6,7)

DOWN

2 Soft-centered sort of unit, presumably necessary for any out-go. (5)
3 Well, you won't be using this, with the natural niche he's made. (6,9)
4 Kubla Khan's poetic hang-out. (6)
5 Is the law so broken, which is seldom seen by those who choose early retirement? (4,4)
6 A planned escape taken by many travelers. (9,6)
7 If a tire gave trouble, the answer should be to diversify. (9)
8 Get a few conciliatory bribes when about to phone for a seafood dinner. (8)
9 See 22 across
15 To get in with a somewhat less than dull m commonly, would be overlooking somethin (9)
17 This, with the one laterally opposite, goes all around the town, with an air that might be considered old-fashioned. (4,4)
18 Spar with what makes a sort of knot on a torn strip. (8)
21 A little more than this, and it runneth over! (6)
22 Try to get one into the net—that's the spirit! (4)
24 and 12 across It's supposed to be very calm here, but the oral studies might be difficult. (5,9)

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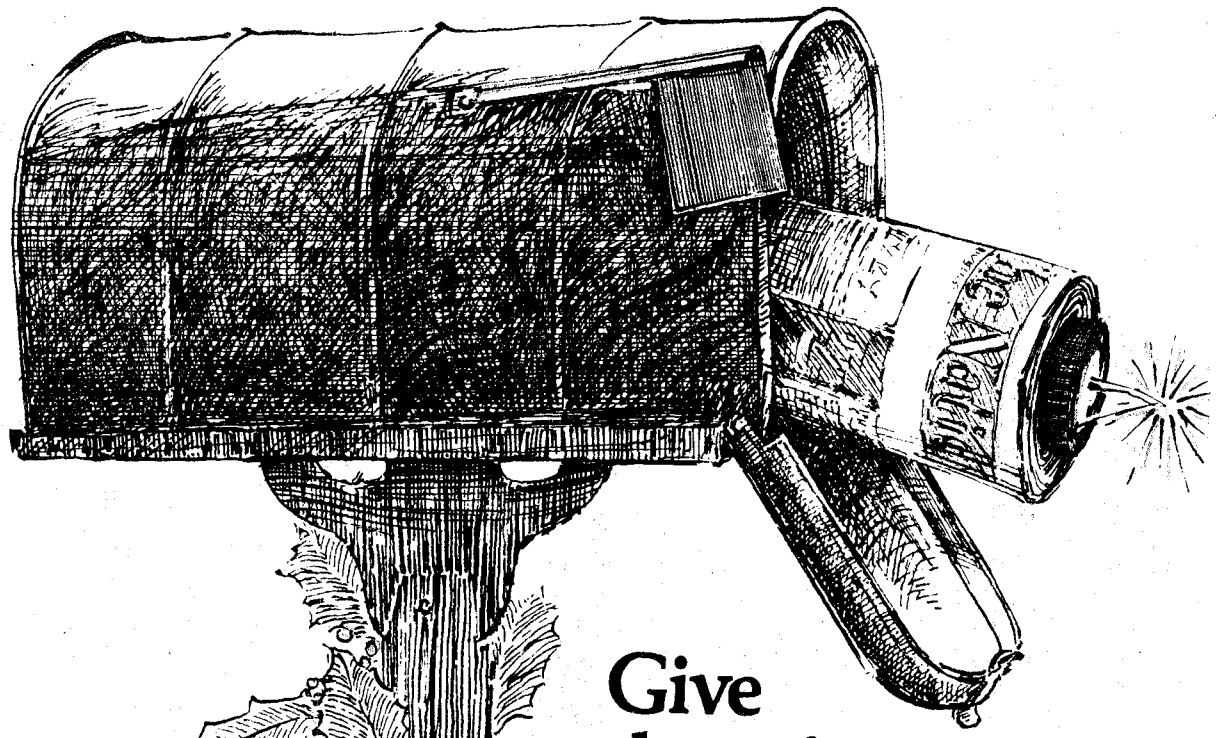

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